

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2862.—VOL. CIV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE.
THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB By Post, 6d.

Lord Chancellor.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Earl of Rosebery. Mr. J. Morley.

Mr. Fowler. Sir G. Trevelyan.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. Earl Spencer.



Mr. J. Bryce. Mr. H. H. Asquith.

Mr. G. Shaw Lefevre.
Marquis of Ripon.

Mr. Arnold Morley.

Mr. A. H. Acland. Mr. A. J. Mundella.
Earl of Kimberley. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

MINISTERIAL DINNER GIVEN BY MR. GLADSTONE AT 10, DOWNING STREET, SATURDAY, FEB. 17.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

An analysis has been published of the last year's output of American poetry. The number of poems is little short of three millions, but the subjects are limited. It is pleasant, and certainly unexpected, to find a quarter of a million upon Spring. In England, as has been recently pointed out, our new poets are autumnal; they deal with the fading landscape and the dying leaf. They are, to borrow the language of a bard who is by no means in accord with them, "foot-in-the-grave young men." In this respect they contrast unfavourably with their Transatlantic brethren, who have but a hundred thousand songs on Despair, and only ten thousand upon Discontent. Nevertheless, Hope, which is said to spring eternal in the human breast, does not produce much of a crop in theirs—less than a thousand poems. It is not astonishing in these analytical and self-conscious days that the subject of "My Soul and I" should monopolise more than a hundred thousand, but it is rather humorous to find "Your Soul and You" interesting only eight bards. This reminds one of the æsthetic in *Punch* besought by his admirers to "tell us more, more about yourself," and complying. A still more significant fact is that while three hundred and fifty-four poets sing of "Your Duty," only one sings of "My Duty," which, it seems, is the very last thing that the authors of these three million poems think about!

A correspondent points out to me, in connection with the subject of economy in Scotch songs, that the repetition of "O, gin I were where Gaudie rins" is, as regards "the conservation of literary energy," a by no means extreme example. He commends to my notice the admirable ballad beginning—

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she.
 "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?"
 "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she.
 "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?"

Here there are four "Johnnies," and always coming, but with what purpose we are not so far informed. The time-worn remark about the ballads of a people and its laws here recurs to one from mere association, for there is something very analogous in this kind of verse to that of a law document, and I suppose in neither case would such continual repetition occur unless the writers found their account in them. All ancient specimens of economy in song, however, sink into insignificance when compared with the last Moody and Sankey hymn—

There are angels hovering round,
 There are angels hovering round,
 There are angels hovering round
 To carry the tidings home,
 To carry the tidings home,
 To carry the tidings home.

This is hymn-writing made easy indeed, without even so much as a rhyme to check the inspiration of its inventor.

There is a humorous paper in a recent number of the *Speaker* entitled "The Persecutions of the Church," which is not quite what one expects it to be, since it is a complaint of the ways of English chaplains on the Continent. But a chaplain, let me tell the writer, may not be so bad as a chaplain in embryo—a young gentleman who has just taken orders, full of zeal, and travelling on the Continent, chiefly, as I believe, for the sake of finding a congregation. Years ago, but I shall never forget it, I came across a specimen of this class. He was a very pleasant companion on weekdays, and we agreed to travel together. On the first Sunday we found ourselves in a very small inn in the Tyrol. After breakfast I proposed a walk. My friend replied in a very reproving tone, "It is Sunday." "But you don't surely object to walking on Sunday?" said I—and, indeed, I knew he had no such scruples; he was a liberal man, except that I had a suspicion that his views were sacerdotal—"there is no English church within fifty miles." "There is no church," he answered with gravity, "but I am here." Then I understood that he wanted to read the Church Service to me. "All right," I said, "but we have no room," for our only living apartment was the kitchen. "There is our bed-room," he said. This was a double-bedded apartment without a door, and up a ladder, which in England would be called a loft. Every word and laugh from the room below, full of natives carousing, was heard in it. However, up this ladder I followed my spiritual guide. He opened his portmanteau and produced from it a surplice and a pair of bands. Then he pushed the wash-stand—our only table—into the middle of the room, and we sat down at it opposite one another. Then he read to me the whole Church Service, "from title-page to closing line." In later years I found he was in favour of the voluntary system, but I do not think he could have been at that time; it is possible that my mild obedience misled him. However, when he presently produced from his portmanteau a sermon-case well filled, I fled down the ladder, and almost broke my neck through my precipitancy.

There are some classes of people whose illness is (very naturally) resented by society at large. These are not the folks about whom daily bulletins are printed in the newspapers; they may be of high rank and good position, but they are often of little importance. We rather grudge the space that is occupied by their ailments, especially if their indisposition is prolonged, and wish they would either "do

one thing or the other," as it were, and make room for more interesting information. The persons who have, we think, no right to be ill are of a humbler class, but much more necessary to us. When their health fails it is a public inconvenience. One's doctor is a case in point. He has a partner, perhaps a very skilful and scientific young person, but when there is anything the matter with us, we don't want his partner, we want *him*; and his falling ill is a failure of his duty to us. This is not always understood by the Faculty. A substitute of this kind, Mr. B, appeared in answer to an old lady's summons instead of his principal. "Mr. A," he said, "was very seriously unwell." "Dear, dear!" observed the patient, "this is sad news indeed." "Yes, my dear Madam, I knew you would feel it; he is such an old, and doubtless valued, friend of yours." "Oh, it isn't *that*," said the lady naively, "but I have no confidence in anyone but Mr. A, and if anything happens to him, what shall I do?" Mr. B doubtless thought he knew all about the human heart, but he was mistaken.

Cooks—in the country, at all events, where their place cannot be easily supplied—ought never to think about being ill. As a general rule, I am bound to say they don't; it is quite surprising, considering their constant proximity to the fire and what is said to produce *pâté de foie gras*, that their livers remain of a moderate size. It is hardly necessary to say that governesses should never be ill. They are not in a position to have those headaches and nervous disorders which attack the persons of their own age and sex who employ them. In fact, there is only one class not in an entirely independent position who can enjoy the luxury of an illness without reproach—namely, schoolmasters. When one of them is ill enough to cause his establishment to be broken up indefinitely, he is the cause of the greatest happiness to the greatest number. These sage reflections arise from a report in the newspapers the other day respecting the illness of a jurymen. He had the—well, let us say the indecency—to be taken ill in the box. This was felt by "the Court"—which had £5000 a year, whether it was ill or well—to be in a man who was doing his duty for nothing contemptible indeed. Its reproof ran something in this fashion: "What! you leave the box after being sworn by the bailiff, just because you feel deadly ill!—stop the whole proceedings because you are on the brink of an apopleptic fit, or what not—you, who are sworn to well and truly try the prisoner at the bar! We shall have you dying in the box next, and leaving the whole case to be dealt with over again." It was certainly very inconvenient, but as it seems jurymen are sometimes so lost to a sense of propriety as to be seized with sudden illness, would it not be well to swear one more of them, and let the thirteenth be an understudy to take the part of the invalid?

A story is current of some youthful member of the well-known Dicky Bird Society who, being interrogated as to the teaching of his superior, replied: "He tells us all to be kind to tigers." This strikes one as carrying the principles of the D.B.S. a great deal too far, yet in reality it is the idea that pervades a good many of our milk-and-water philanthropists. The Rough—described by the police as "the terror of his neighbourhood," and the especial terror of his belongings—is a human tiger to whom it is a great mistake to be kind, and yet if he was a Persian cat he could not be more tenderly treated. Nobody must stroke him the wrong way, and as for introducing him to another species of cat, it is not to be thought of, for fear of brutalising his nature. Nothing is more hopeful than to see these societies springing up for encouraging gentleness and kindness among our youth, but we should be careful that they have backbones to them. Children should be taught not only to have a horror of cruelties but of those who commit them. There is nothing so fatal to society as the system of conciliation applied to bullies, which always increases their brutality: they have no fine feelings of any kind, and, judging from their own natures, imagine that all good treatment is the result of fear. As for moral suasion one might as well try it with the rhinoceros, but their hides are not quite so thick, and it is through them alone that they receive impressions.

There is a general notion among a certain well meaning but feeble folk that everybody has a great deal of good about them, if one only knew where to find it—a proviso that very much militates against any practical result. Nay, there is even a tendency in the quarters of which we are speaking—the Juvenile Improvement Societies—to ignore evil altogether. A lady has lately written for their edification a book to show that all our apparent plagues—from boa-constrictors to bugs—are in reality blessings in disguise, and that kindly Nature does not intend to hurt a fly. If she brings forth flies that hurt us, such as mosquitoes, it is only an accident. Mosquitoes are very useful, this authoress tells us, "for keeping wild cattle in motion," and preventing, I suppose, their livers suffering from want of exercise. Teaching of this kind is not only ridiculous but harmful, and, under the guise of sentiment that would disgrace a jelly-fish, encourages false views of life. It is possible, says an American philosopher, that the Devil may be dead, but if so it is certain that "there is someone who carries on the business still."

A recent *Spectator* had an interesting article upon conversation, which referred, however, chiefly to the start. It seems to think that it is *le premier pas qui coûte*, as in the opening of a novel. But in the latter case, if the story-teller knows his business, all is prepared beforehand, and, once begun, his task is comparatively easy, whereas the would-be conversationalist may make his first observation and "get no farther." Nay, even the reverse, since the remark may not be acceptable. For the writer in the *Spectator* is not addressing the mere babbler; he excludes such conventional topics as the weather, and seems to presume intelligence on both sides. Some persons affect eccentricity, and hope to make a good impression by being "original": if they find their initial observations about art and the drama fall flat on the ear of their neighbour, they say, "Well, these are the only two subjects with which I am acquainted, so now we understand one another, and shall get on capitally"; but it does not always follow that they do. Much more modest individuals may offend unpardonably through ignorance of their neighbour's principles, belief, or social connections. It has always been my opinion that to avoid mischances of this kind and to smooth the way of the diner-out, not only should the names of guests be legibly inscribed beside their plates, but also any little peculiarities that belong to them—such as an out-of-the-way religion, an experience of the divorce court, or very pronounced political views. In this way, though there may be no royal road to conversation, pitfalls—which for sensitive minds "demand dread memories for years"—would, at all events, be avoided. To put one's foot in it the first moment, and to know it the next, is a terrible commencement to a banquet. With men it doesn't signify—almost all of them would see the fun of such a situation—but women take themselves, and us, more seriously.

I hear that among the new professions there is one of teaching conversation to persons desirous of shining in table-talk; and I should much like to be present during a lesson, not only for the advantage which it would doubtless confer upon me, but for that lowest of purposes, "copy." I should think it would be full of good sport. To give an example of one's tragic talents before a critical audience of one—the theatrical manager—must be an embarrassing position; to simulate hatred and revenge in ordinary apparel, and to burst into tears in obedience to a stage director, and in the total absence of sympathy (not to say politeness) from the beholder, must be very trying. But the words, at least, are found for one, whereas in a conversation lesson, even though the topic may be supplied, the observations must be extempore. The only parallel to it would probably be an unwritten drawing-room charade, which is, from the conversational point of view, perhaps the dreariest invention of which the human mind has as yet shown itself capable. It arouses, indeed, that divinest of sentiment, pity for one's fellow-creatures; but, after an act or two, this is apt to degenerate into compassion on one's own account. In charades, however, the unhappy performers are generally in gorgeous apparel, which gives a pleasure to the eye which is denied to the ear. A well conducted conversation lesson is, doubtless, carried on in dinner costume, but among the fair sex at least that goes a very little way. However, if certificates are given, as in other branches of education, something may come of the new system. A certificated conversationalist would be a great relief to a family dinner party, and would occupy, at all events, a better position than the poor relations who are asked to come in the evening.

Boys are a barbarous race, similar to that described by the historian as "one that no treaty could bind," but there is no excuse for their persecution. The "exams." to which they are now subjected, the constant state of competition in which they are placed, should plead for mercy for them. The last edict that has gone forth from the Faculty against them is a very harsh one. They are to have no more hampers sent from home. The doctors have decided that these delightful consignments are deleterious to the alimentary canal. Think of a boy possessing anything of that kind, or being subject to such a malady as indigestion! It is all very well for strong and athletic boys, who can punch the heads of their companions—"cocks of the school," who are at once adored and feared—to dispense with these aids to popularity, but what are the small boys to do without them? What comes in their hampers doesn't hurt *them*, for very little falls to their share, but it purchases for them a temporary reputation and an immunity from ill-usage. The big boys unbend to them, and condescend to partake of their good things almost as if they were equals. Indeed, the system at all private schools and at some of our public ones may be said to be "a despotism mitigated by hampers." Were these doctors ever lads themselves, I wonder, that they would thus rob our schoolboys of their greatest treat? Have they no remembrance of the joys of opening a hamper in the dormitory, and eating slices of ham with raspberry jam, and cake with everything? When we see a doctor at dinner, is *he* so careful about his alimentary canal? There is no profession on earth that despises "the wholesomes" and "tramples upon base Enough" with such contempt, and yet they would rob a poor schoolboy of his hamper!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MINISTERIAL DINNER.

On Saturday, Feb. 17, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister, entertained his colleagues, the other Cabinet Ministers, with a dinner at No. 10, Downing Street, the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. His guests were the Right Hon. Lord Herschell, (Lord Chancellor), the Earl of Kimberley, the Earl of Rosebery, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, the Marquis of Ripon, the Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Right Hon. Sir William Harcourt, Earl Spencer, the Right Hon. John Morley, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, the Right Hon. James Bryce, the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, the Right Hon. Sir G. Otto Trevelyan, the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, and the Right Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland.

MISS MARGOT TENNANT.

Society has not for a long while known such an agreeable flutter as that which has been excited by the announcement of Miss Margot Tennant's engagement to Mr. Asquith. Miss Tennant, who is the third daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, has been for some years one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the London world, and in touch with a greater variety of interests than usually fill the head of a noted beauty. Miss Tennant has not sacrificed everything to fashion; she has shown active sympathy with art and literature, and she is believed to have been the original inspiration of the mysterious little coterie called "The Souls," in which Mr. Balfour and other eminent personages have found affinities. Whether Mr. Asquith is a "Soul" we cannot say, but he has evidently used other opportunities to most soulful purpose. There is surely a happy omen in this betrothal, for the Home Secretary is the rising star in the political firmament. Though the youngest member of the Cabinet, he has achieved a brilliant distinction in an almost incredibly short period. Mr. Asquith entered Parliament in 1886 with a sound but by no means exceptional reputation at the Bar. His first speech placed him in the front rank of Parliamentary orators. The House of Commons is a little critical of lawyers who betake themselves to politics. It is suspicious of the purely professional temper which seems to regard all public questions from the standpoint of a brief. But it was clear at once that to Mr. Asquith this judgment did not apply, and that in him the instinct of the statesman was stronger than the instinct of *visi prius*. He made perhaps half a dozen remarkable speeches in the late Parliament, and when Mr. Gladstone's fourth Cabinet was formed the political world gasped for a moment to find Mr. Asquith promoted to one of the most difficult and responsible posts in the Administration. How he has acquitted himself everybody knows; and it is unquestionably the judgment both of friend and foe that he is a source of striking and peculiar strength to the Ministry. His personality in debate is commanding, and the original force of his character has been impressively displayed in some noteworthy administrative acts. To all parties Mr. Asquith's advancement is a matter of congratulation, and his alliance with so brilliant a woman as Miss Margot Tennant, whose father is one of Mr. Gladstone's staunchest supporters, has an interest far wider than the political chances of the hour. The public cherishes a praiseworthy sentiment in these affairs, and seizes on any excuse for a romance. There is not much opportunity for that indulgence in the humdrum round of party politics; but here, at all events, is an occasion for making the conjunction of two stars of exceptional magnitude the theme of the happiest omens.

THE FRENCH POLICE AND ANARCHISTS.

THE VIEWS OF M. GORON, OF PARIS.

Being commissioned to obtain some information as to the methods of the French detective system, and, if possible, to interview its celebrated chief, I presented my card (writes a representative), and in a few minutes was invited into his office.

A short, dapper-looking gentleman, of some forty-five years of age, with a face and bearing which gave him distinctly the air of an *officier en retraite*, came forward to meet me, holding my card in his hand. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" he said. "I regret that I cannot speak to you in English, as I am at present

only studying that language," smilingly pointing to a large book which lay before him.

"As you frequently come to England, I believe, which of the two detective systems do you think the best?"

"It is a matter of *pays différent, mœurs différentes*. Your English system answers very well with English criminals, but would certainly not succeed over here. As a matter of fact, justice is not helped by the individual in England, whereas in France our system forces the criminal to help us. The English character is opposed to espionage, and your system of supposing a man to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty would be a very difficult one to carry out with our French criminals. I prefer the French system."

"And why do you prefer it?" I inquired.

"Because over here we can ask our prisoners questions. In England you cannot. For instance, in France a suspected man is under examination. We should say, 'What did you do on such and such a day?' In England you would say, 'We shall prove that you did such and such a thing on such and such a day.' In other words, in France we are allowed to put leading questions; whereas in England you take upon yourselves the onus of proving the man's guilt. I have the power to examine here in my cabinet any prisoner, and should I at any time, night or day, require the presence of a *détenu* I have only to obtain an order from a *juge d'instruction* for the prisoner to be immediately brought here, and it may interest you to learn that the very chair you are now sitting on has been occupied during the last ten years by all the most famous criminals, among others Franzini, Anastay, and Ravachol. The proceedings here are merely conversational, and are simply for the purpose of trying to make the prisoner talk. Every word

scheme of my life has been, not police work, but the French colonisation of the Paraguayan frontier in South America. I drifted into the police I can hardly tell you how, but since then I have taken to the work very warmly, and like immensely the continuous life of adventure and excitement which it offers me."

ANARCHIST CONSPIRATORS IN LONDON.

An accidental death, hideous and horrible, but scarcely deplorable, as it deservedly ended the pernicious existence of one of those detestable criminals who plot the wholesale murder of the innocent, the destruction of private and public property, and every other cruel mischief that fiendish cunning devises for the vain purpose of terrifying society to overthrow all social and political institutions, took place on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 15, in Greenwich Park. It is no new thing in London that gangs of foreign assassins should hold their secret meetings here, and should here prepare those explosive bombs which have been used either in the chief cities of France, Russia, Germany, Italy, or Spain, or a few years since in England and Ireland—Continental Anarchists and Irish-American Fenian "Invincibles" being miscreants of similar complexion. The Orsini bomb of February 1858, which failed to kill Napoleon III. in Paris, but killed and wounded other persons, was made in this country, and the assassin who threw it was resident in this city. No one, therefore, need be surprised at the discovery, now, of the "Autonomie Club," in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, frequented by about a hundred of the Anarchists belonging to different European nationalities, one of whom, a Frenchman named Martial Bourdin, has, fortunately for mankind, killed himself unintentionally with the vile and dreadful instrument that is in vogue among them for their absurd and monstrous schemes.

This man, born at Tours and twenty-six years of age, a tailor by trade, who had been some years in America, came to London four months ago, and joined his brother, Henri Bourdin, who is in the same trade, occupying a small workshop in Great Titchfield Street; but he was latterly out of work. On the day of his death, he travelled by the railway from Charing Cross to Greenwich, and walked into the park to the grassy knoll upon which stands the Royal Observatory, containing the telescopes and other costly scientific apparatus of the Astronomer-Royal. The dusk of evening had begun, near five o'clock, when the sound of an explosion was heard, to east and west, beyond the limits of the park. It was



M. GORON EXAMINING A PRISONER IN HIS CABINET AT THE PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE, PARIS.

he utters is taken down, and it really becomes a sort of duel between myself and the prisoner, every admission of his being used as evidence against him."

"To revert for a moment to a matter which is in everybody's mind at the present time, do you consider that the repressive measures being instituted against the Anarchists are likely to prove effectual?"

"No, not so long as the present system of trial by civil jury exists. The *bourgeoisie* are so afraid of these Anarchists that, to my knowledge, many are actually subscribing money to their secret funds in order that, should anything happen, they and their families may be passed over. With such a state of affairs how is it possible to get a fair trial by jury for such men as these, for they are not criminals in the ordinary sense of the word, and have nothing in common with ordinary human beings but the mere outer semblance?"

"Then, in your opinion, what should be done?"

"For such brutes in human form Lynch law is too good," he replied. "The real remedy strikes me as lying in the institution of trial by martial law for all Anarchists caught red-handed. Soldiers would never be frightened of recording an adverse verdict. It has been said that for every Anarchist put away another comes to the front. That is true perhaps, but nevertheless there is one the less. For my own part, I have always been in favour of the abolition of capital punishment, but in the case of these gentlemen I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing for death in every case. There should be no leniency, no sign of vacillation—a tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye."

"You speak like a soldier, M. Goron," I said, much impressed by his manner.

"I was a soldier once," was his reply; "I was in the Turcos, and served in the War of 1870. I got my commission from the ranks, where I was serving in the Marine Infantry, and at the present moment I am a captain in the Reserve. It may interest you to know that the pet

supposed that some accident had happened at the Royal Observatory, and the park-keepers hastened thither. They found this man on the path up the knoll, on his knees, in a pool of his own blood, still living and able to say, in English, 'Take me home,' but with several large and deep wounds in the abdomen, one penetrating back to the spine, other wounds on the thighs, and the left hand torn off. He seems to have stumbled and fallen forward upon the bomb, which he carried in his left hand, and which was made to explode on striking the ground. They carried him, yet alive, down to the Seamen's Hospital, where the surgeon attended to him, but he died fifty minutes after the explosion. He said nothing else but once, 'I feel very cold.' A small fragment of the bomb, a curved piece of iron rather less than half an inch thick, with grooves on the inner surface, was extracted from the largest wound in his body. He was a very short man, 5 ft. 1 in. in height, with blue eyes, fair silky hair and moustache, and no beard. The spot where he was found is sixty or seventy yards from the Royal Observatory building. His pockets contained nearly thirteen pounds in money, papers concerning the preparation of explosive chemical mixtures, a ball ticket, and a card of membership of the Autonomie Club.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by Sir WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

THE NUMBER FOR MARCH (Ready FEB. 27)

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THE REPORTED DEATH OF LO BENGULA.

A CHAT WITH MR. F. C. SELOUS.

Mr. Frederic Courteney Selous consented to a chat with me the other day (writes a correspondent) concerning his recent experiences. You would scarcely expect to find the fearless explorer in the person of the quiet-mannered, unassuming, and evidently highly cultured gentleman who presented himself. Mr. Selous is of middle height and slightly built; his deeply bronzed complexion testifies as significantly of the heat of a tropical sun as the deep scar on his right cheek recalls a misadventure while out elephant-hunting, by the bursting of his rifle through the careless double charging of it by his servant. To his Rugby days you may trace his indifference to his rough-and-tumble life of twenty years in the wilds of South Africa. Although he has long practised habitual abstinence from alcohol and tobacco, he places no bar on his hospitality to his friends; and when these creature comforts were produced, he amicably submitted himself to be interviewed as to his opinions respecting the state of affairs in Matabililand and Mashonaland.

My first question naturally was directed to the subject of Lo Bengula's reported death. But Mr. Selous remarked that its certainty could not be determined until the native "runners" from the north reached Buluwayo.

"Well, should the rumour prove a mere canard and Lo Bengula be still in the land of the living, would you anticipate renewed hostilities on the part of the King and his people?" I asked.

"The issue of events would depend on a number of 'ifs.' What Lo Bengula would like to do if he could would be, by the aid of his young braves of Zulu descent, to establish a kingdom in the Batoka country, near Mount Chiribwe, a district which Dr. Livingstone visited in 1853, and of which he formed such a favourable impression that he tried to induce Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololo, to remove to it with his people from the swamps of Linyanti. It consists of a high plateau, and presents very similar physical features to those of Matabili and Mashonaland; and it is practically uninhabited, as Sebitwane, Sekeletu's father, almost annihilated the population in the early part of this century. In 1888 I travelled through the district, and all that Dr. Livingstone has said as to the beauty of the country I can endorse. However, Lo Bengula, for many reasons, may not be able to carry out this idea; for you must remember that he and his army left Matabililand at a very unpropitious time—namely, at the commencement of the rainy season—and, being unprovided with corn, they would have to subsist entirely on meat, and would consequently have to undergo many privations. Very possibly their wretched condition may induce many of his followers to desert the King and come back and arrange terms with the Company. In such a case Lo Bengula, with a diminished following, would be unable to cross the Zambesi, and would very probably not be averse to

say with 2000 warriors, he would have nothing to fear from the Barotze."

"Now tell me, Mr. Selous, whether you have any observations to make concerning your recent experiences beyond those contained in your late letter in the *Times*?"

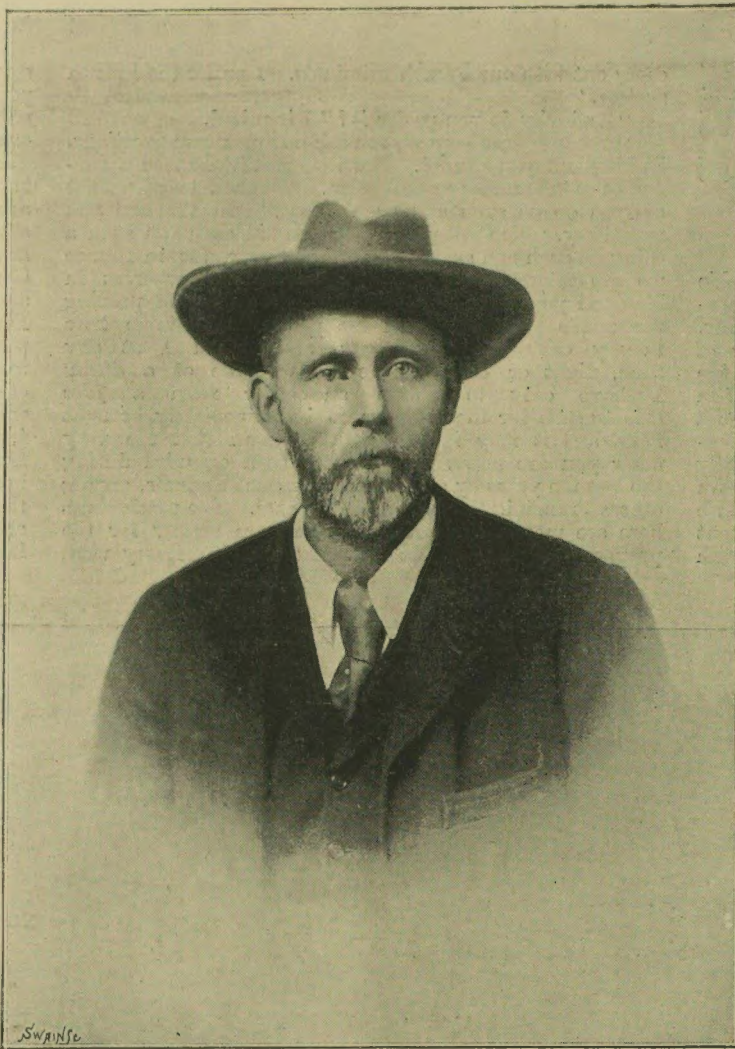


Photo by S. B. Barnard, Cape Town.

MR. FREDERIC COURTENAY SELOUS.

"Yes, you can correct an erroneous impression which has got abroad through certain journals, wherein I have been charged with having been very critical respecting the affairs of the British South Africa Chartered Company at one time, but that latterly I had become very eulogistic. Now, as a matter of fact, the only shares I ever held in the British South Africa Company were 500 which Dr. Jameson had allotted to me, and for which I paid £500. These shares I held for two years, and eventually sold at 25s. and 27s. per share. Nor am I an officer in the Company. My sole connection with the Company has been as an employé entrusted with the work of exploring, pioneering, road-making, and concluding diplomatic arrangements with certain tribal chiefs. My position is this—that I have no interest whatever in Mashonaland that could be prejudiced by a change of government were the Charter granted to the Company revoked to-morrow, and were the Cape or Imperial Government to take up the responsibility of the administration of the country. I have my pioneer farm, on which I expended £900, near Fort Salisbury, now in charge of a Dutch farmer, and on which I have ninety-six head of cattle; and I hold certain shares in Willoughby's Development Syndicate, and have some interests in the country, but I hold no interest in anything that would be likely to be upset by a change of government. Wherefore, these charges of my having an interest in the Chartered Company are absolutely baseless."

"Your reference to your farm prompts me to ask you your opinion respecting Matabililand as an agricultural country—Mashonaland having been pretty frequently discussed."

"Unquestionably, certain portions of Matabililand present great facilities for successful agricultural industry. On the one hand you have the fact that it has produced plenty of grain and vegetable produce for the support of a large native population for generations; while on the other hand the gardens of the mission stations—some established for over thirty years—sufficiently testify that vegetables of every kind and many European fruits, including walnuts, can be grown. New Buluwayo, where Lo Bengula resided, is situated about 4500 ft. above sea-

level, and fifteen miles further south; at the old capital the ground is even more elevated, rising to quite 5000 ft. Yes, I have seen the site of the proposed new township. It lies about three miles from the King's Kraal, and is on the margin of a small stream."

"Now, as to climate, Mr. Selous?"

"Well, speaking generally, the climate is very similar

to that at Johannesburg, except that Matabililand possesses this advantage—that there are no cold winds and dust-storms in winter. The seasons too are very regular; they don't suffer from droughts, but year after year the rains come in due course, so that European vegetables and cereal crops may be depended on."

"I suppose Matabililand scarcely presents yet awhile a field of operation for the farmer?"

"No; because at present, there being no townships, there are no markets for the disposal of agricultural produce; although, of course, there is nothing to deter an English emigrant from settling down, if he is content to farm simply for the needs of his own family. The probability is, however, that the land will be taken in hand by the Dutch colonists and the descendants of those English and Scotch families who first settled in South Africa."

"Now, as to the important question of the presence of alluvial gold, which mainly contributes to the rapid development and prosperity of every country where it exists?"

"Well, I don't profess to be an expert in mining matters, but in certain parts of the country alluvial deposits exist, and gold is obtained in small quantities by the natives, who pan it out in square wooden dishes. So far, however, European prospectors have pronounced these alluvial deposits to be not quite payable."

"And what is your advice as regards the policy to be pursued in respect of Matabililand?"

"Till the wet season is over I would simply hold the country. I think it would be highly inadvisable to send small patrolling bodies into the thick bush in the direction of the Zambesi during the rains."

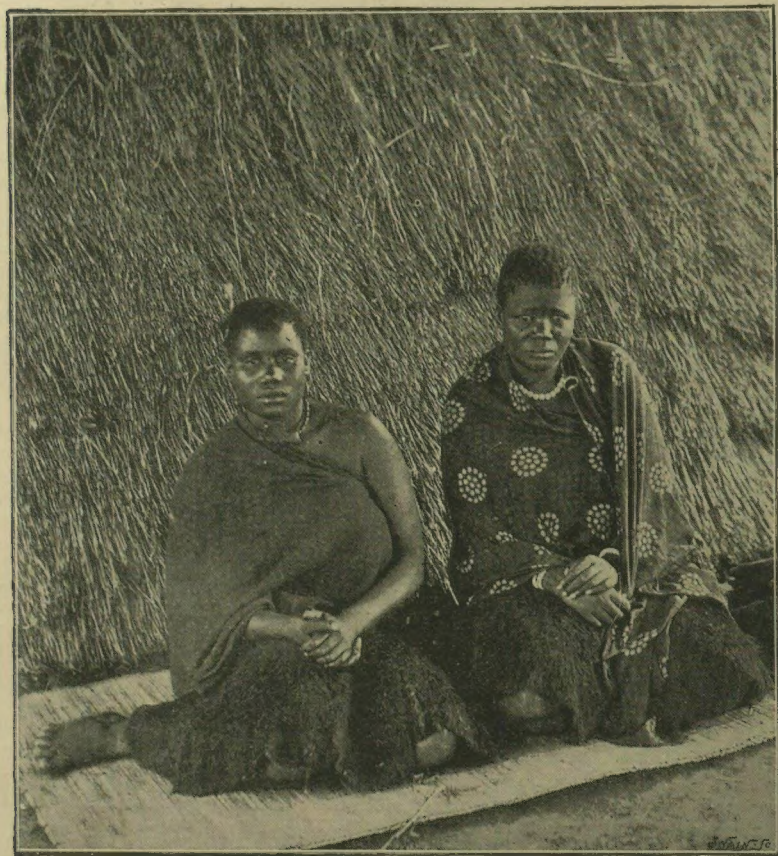
"I suppose you feel very sanguine as to the future prosperity of the country?"

"Most decidedly. Just consider the strides in the process of development Mashonaland has made during the three years of its occupation by the Company. Run your eye over these advertisement columns in the *Herald*, published at Salisbury, and I think you will find the strongest refutation to the assertion that the country is a desert or wilderness unfit for the habitation of white men, devoid of gold, &c., for you will perceive that there is abundant evidence that civilisation exists, while industries and commerce are being carried on. Perhaps you would be surprised to hear that we have three pianos and six billiard-tables already in Salisbury; while ladies of gentle birth, such as Lady Henry Paulet, Mrs. Caldicott and her sister, and

Miss Drake, instead of inveighing against the climate, compare it favourably with that of other parts of South Africa."

"Well, do you counsel me to join Messrs. Cook and Son's personally conducted tour to Buluwayo?"

"Provided there is no further trouble with the Matabili it should afford a very agreeable excursion. And, even if hostilities should break out," Mr. Selous added



TWO OF LO BENGULA'S WIVES.

receiving Messrs. Dawson and Taylour at an interview, preparatory to giving himself up to Dr. Jameson. However, in thus speculating, there are so many contingencies which might arise that I should be sorry to make any definite prophecy. I can say this, however, with certainty: that if he were to cross the Zambesi, which he would probably do below the junction of that river with the Gwai,



LAER, MR. SELOUS' AFTER-RIDEER (A GRIQUA LAD).

with a smile, "the party would have the satisfaction of finding themselves useful when enrolled among the burghers, while their enjoyment of the trip would be enhanced by visiting the country at an exciting time."



Photo by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

MISS MARGOT TENNANT,

Betrothed to the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Secretary of State for the Home Department.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Thursday, Feb. 22, left Osborne House, Isle of Wight, for Windsor Castle, with the Empress Frederick of Germany and the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Queen, after her sojourn at Florence and her visit to Darmstadt, is expected to arrive at Coburg on April 16, and will stay there till the wedding of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria Melita, which has been fixed for the 22nd of the month.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday, Feb. 19, held the first Levée of the season at St. James's Palace, on behalf of the Queen. It was well attended, and 280 persons were presented.

The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived in London from Sandringham on Monday, Feb. 19, to join the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. His Royal Highness, on that day, dined with Lord Vernon and the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms at St. James's Palace. He also presided at the meeting of the Royal Naval Fund.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, on Feb. 17, distributed prizes to the students of the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, and spoke of the history and progress of that institution, founded by the late Rev. F. D. Maurice and others.

The Lord Mayor presided at the Mansion House over the distribution of prizes in the ninth annual competition in the French language and literature between the public schools and colleges of Great Britain. The prizes were distributed by the Lady Mayoress.

On Sunday, Feb. 18, a demonstration organised by the Bermondsey Vestry was held in Trafalgar Square, against the action of the House of Lords in striking out of the Parish Councils Bill the clause to reform the vestries of London. There was a resolution condemning the Peers, and recording the opinion that the House of Lords "is a mischievous and useless institution which should forthwith be abolished."

The Bow Street police magistrate has examined Mr. Harry Wyndham Carter, who says that he has been created Earl of Wynchcombe, on the charge of sending a letter threatening the life of the Queen. The prisoner escaped from a lunatic asylum in December last.

The magistrates at Dover have examined two men, named Dombrowski and Leterner, arrested on the arrival of the steamer from Calais, charged with having in their possession a large number of forged Russian lottery bonds.

A brig, from Ghent to Dublin with phosphates, was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands early in the morning of Feb. 18, and of the crew of seven men only two were got ashore alive.

The French journalists comment, as might be expected, on the tardy discovery of the Anarchist conspirators in London. Emile Henry, the perpetrator of the bomb outrage at the Terminus Hotel café in Paris, has made a detailed confession of his crime. He said that he threw the bomb in because he saw there were a great many people there, and he wished to kill as many as possible. Twenty-four persons were more or less hurt. On Feb. 19, another dynamite box was exploded in the Rue St. Jacques, at the house of M. Calabresi, whose wife and two lodgers were badly wounded.

An eminent literary critic, M. Brunetière, Professor at the Normal School, who has succeeded to the chair of M. John Lemoine, has been received at the French Academy by Count D'Haussonville. In his speech he indulged in severe criticism on the methods and characteristics of present-day Parisian journalism.

The Colonial Department at Paris has received from the Governor of the French Soudan a despatch stating that the collision between the British and French forces, on the Sierra Leone frontier, was caused by a native chief who deceived the commanders of both parties. He was subsequently captured and executed. No further news has been received from Timbuctoo.

In Egypt, Major-General Sir E. H. Zohrab has been appointed by the Khedive to succeed Maher Pasha as Under-Secretary for War. He is reputed an able officer, served for ten years under Sir F. Grenfell, when that officer was Sirdar, and is a steady supporter of English policy.

The pacification of the Matabili country seems complete, and telegrams have been received at Cape Town confirming reports as to the death of Lo Bengula from fever.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

No. 3, Whitehall Court, the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Gouraud, was the scene of a curious and impressive ceremony on Friday, Jan. 16. This was the "unveiling" of a short message addressed to posterity by the late Cardinal Manning, who committed to the silent charge of a phonographic cylinder, with injunctions that it should not be divulged until some time after his death, a reflection which was constantly present in his mind. What the Cardinal's object was in this it is not easy to see, but it is probable that during the time when he was confined to Archbishop's House, Westminster, and felt the approaches of death coming upon him, he could not help reverting to the thought of his long life and the effect it was likely to leave on the world in which he had taken such an active interest. Few men who have really lived can face without a certain amount of sentimental regret the fact that their lives will be blotted out, and that what they will leave behind, if they leave anything at all, will be merely some husks of their own personal existence. Such thoughts may be due to self-consciousness, and may so far be unhealthy and unnatural; but the certainty remains that as our lives become less simple and automatic, and less dependent on the control of instinct, so it becomes a less simple and natural matter to die.

In addition to this probable explanation of the thought that was in the Cardinal's mind when he left something that was not to be spoken till he was dead is the fact that he was greatly impressed by the phonograph, which he regarded as the crowning wonder of the inventions which he had been privileged to witness. By its means he transmitted messages to Cardinal Gibbons in America and to the Pope, both of which messages caused some sensation at the time, as the occasion was the first on which the phono-

Sir Charles Russell. Mr. H. M. Stanley. Mr. Justice Wright. Lord Rowton. Monsignor Johnson. Bust of Edison. Cardinal Vaughan. American Ambassador. Sir John Puleston.



LISTENING TO THE VOICE OF THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING THROUGH THE PHONOGRAPH.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

graph had been seriously used for such a purpose. The third record which he made was kept a secret, and the little wax cylinder on which it was engraved was locked in a glass case at Archbishop's House, where it was found after the Cardinal's death by his successor, Cardinal Vaughan.

The instrument on which it was taken being of an obsolete form, there was only one man who could reproduce this record—namely, Colonel Gouraud, in whose possession the phonograph had remained; and at Cardinal Vaughan's suggestion he agreed to invite a small company to listen to the thought that was uppermost in Cardinal Manning's mind shortly before his death. The guests who accepted the invitation and were present included Sir Algernon West, the United States Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador, the Lady Mayoress, Lord and Lady Knutsford, General Lord Roberts, the Attorney-General and Lady Russell, Lady Jeune, Lord Rowton, Sir Richard Webster, Sir Ellis Ashmead and Lady Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. James Knowles, Canon Curteis, the Rev. Mr. Haweis, Monsignor Johnson (the Cardinal's and the late Cardinal's chaplain), Madame Belle Cole, Sir John and Lady Puleston, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley, and Mrs. Tennant. A dead silence fell upon the company as the first three persons took their places at the instrument and prepared to listen to the words of which nobody present knew even the import. A faint scratching of the point upon the surface of the cylinder was heard as the diaphragm travelled over the record, and a look of intelligence on the faces of the listeners showed that the message was being understood. It proved to be exceedingly short, and, as might have been expected, self-conscious. The words, which were slowly, solemnly, and deliberately uttered, ran as follows: "To all who may come after me: I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken in my life, will be found to have done harm to anyone after I am dead." And then, after a long pause, during which the needle continued to scratch upon the cylinder, came the signature, intoned rather than spoken, "Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Any question as to Mr. Gladstone's powers in relation to old age and presumable infirmity has been set at rest this week. Since the House resumed its labours the Prime Minister has taken little apparent interest in affairs. He has sat in his place with a wearied air, has slept much, and has set everybody talking of his pallor, evident depression, obvious antiquity, and so forth. But one evening the astonished spectators beheld a magical change. Sir Richard Webster was speaking on the charities clause in the Local Government Bill. The Bill had provided that parochial charities should be administered by a majority of elected trustees. The Lords had altered this to a minority. Sir Richard Webster was defending the amendment, and the Prime Minister suddenly sat forward on the edge of the Treasury bench in the familiar attitude which indicates the coming pounce. Every sign of age and infirmity and apathy had vanished. "Bless my soul!" the old man seemed to be saying to himself, "the Lords have actually dared to limit the elective principle! And here's a lawyer who says they are quite right! Have at him!" And presently Mr. Gladstone stood at the table, and, amidst the cheers of his delighted supporters, proceeded to trounce Sir Richard with genial banter, and to overwhelm with scorn the bare idea that any limitation should be set to the wishes of the elected representatives of the people. Incidentally he cited the case of the House of Commons and of some other assembly which might presume to say that the Commons in their representative capacity should be kept within bounds. Here the Liberal benches broke into a rapturous shout. Mr. Gladstone proceeded to the end of his address with all the admirable play of voice and gesture which make him the great magician of Parliamentary eloquence.

This brilliant little scene was the climax of the Ministerial triumph over the Lords' amendments to the Local Government Bill; and when it was known that Mr. Gladstone would move the rejection of their amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill the hopes of the Liberals rose even higher. The Prime Minister was expected to make a slashing onslaught on the Peers; but it cannot be denied that his actual performance was disappointing to his followers. Some technicality of procedure caused a hitch. Instead of moving to set the amendments of the "other place" aside, Mr. Gladstone moved that the order for the Bill should be discharged. With studious moderation he combated the arguments of the Lords very briefly, and sat down without having launched any of the thunderbolts which his party had looked for. A sort of blank stupor settled on the benches behind him, and it was not lightened when Mr. Balfour, with sardonic humour, said that if the Government had a mind to commit "legislative infanticide," it was not his duty to baulk them. This refusal to divide against Mr. Gladstone's motion was welcomed with uproarious appreciation by the Opposition, who continued to be mightily tickled when Mr.

Asquith tried to persuade them that they would be guilty of gross inconsistency if they did not vote for keeping alive a measure which the Government proposed to kill. The situation, in short, exposed the Government to a tactical rebuff, which was not mitigated when Mr. Walter McLaren insisted on a division, and led six supporters into the lobby to protest against the dropping of the Bill.

This was relished all the more because most of the moments of the Opposition since the Local Government Bill came back from the Lords have been far from happy. All the material changes made by the Peers have been slain without mercy. In this sacrificial task Mr. Chamberlain has been conspicuous. He has used language once or twice which must have staggered listening peers in the gallery who had imagined that the Liberal Unionists were pledged to all the opinions of Lord Salisbury. After several divisions, in which the Government had thumping majorities, owing to Mr. Chamberlain's support, the Conservatives became discouraged, and with scarcely a protest allowed Mr. Fowler to turn amendment after amendment into waste paper. At one point, indeed, the Speaker remarked that the action of the Lords was an inadmissible interference with the privileges of the Commons; and bang went another batch of amendments. At last the massacre became so monotonous that even Sir Charles Dilke, in his favourite part of a truly rural authority, failed to hold the attention of a listless House. He began his speech with the well remembered formula, "I know a parish." This was too much for the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, who seized a sheet of paper, and relieved his mind thus—

I know a parish
Where the wild pump flows,
I know a parish
Which no other person knows.
The beauty of that parish
In this strange thing consists:
Its residents are absent,
And no such place exists!

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

Thick Edition 3d.
Thin Edition 1½d.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

PERSONAL.

The late Dr. Von Bülow was perhaps more remarkable for his eccentricities than for his genius. Some years ago

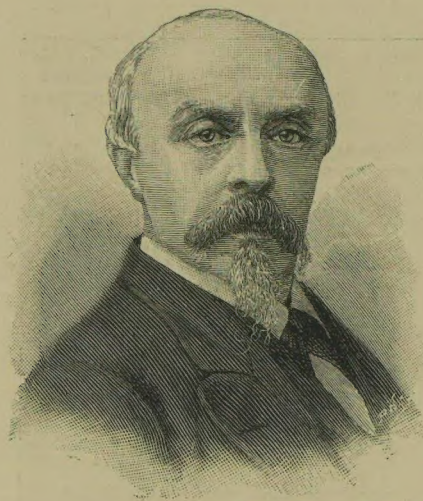


Photo by Savory, New York.
THE LATE HERR VON BÜLOW.

when he was conducting in Berlin he took off his ordinary white gloves and substituted a pair of faultless black kids, in deference to one of Beethoven's funeral marches which was about to be played. It was about this time also that he was one evening observed in the boxes close to the orchestra attired in a

mourning hat with long black streamers, a lemon-and-white handkerchief in his hand, according to the German custom at funerals. This eccentricity was explained by the fact that a worthless operetta which he had declined to conduct was being performed, and it pleased him to affect that he was assisting at the funeral! Two years ago, at a farewell performance given in Berlin, referring in a speech to Prince Bismarck, the deceased conductor called upon the audience and the band for a "Hoch!" The band did not see the fun of the thing, and neglected to respond, whereupon Bülow stepped forward in front of the audience, and deliberately taking a handkerchief from his pocket wiped the dust off his shoes and walked majestically off the platform.

The rumours of Mr. Gladstone's resignation were succeeded by a very circumstantial story about the condition of his eyes. Dr. Granger, of Chester, was said to have told his illustrious patient that one eye was completely obscured by a cataract, and that the other was threatened by the same mischief. Upon this, Mr. Gladstone requested the doctor to remove the cataract there and then; but the operation could not be performed owing to the sufferer's great age. All this turned out to be a fable. Dr. Granger declares emphatically that nothing of the kind took place, and that Mr. Gladstone's sight is no worse than it was a year ago. It is undoubtedly impaired, as the sight of a man of eighty-four naturally would be; but the cataract story is a gross exaggeration. Yet it was set out by the "well-informed" correspondent with dramatic details of dialogue and all the emotional accessories of high-class fiction.

His Majesty Korina, King of the Onemas, has been executed by the French authorities on the West Coast of Africa. This ends the career of an African Macchiavelli. According to the French officials, Korina was responsible for the recent conflicts between the British and French troops. He contrived to persuade each force that the other consisted of Sofas, the common enemy against whom both were operating. So on two separate occasions they fell in with one another, and blazed away before they discovered that they were not Sofas, but the agents of civilisation. All this time Korina was chuckling in the background. He will not chuckle any more, but he has probably left a dangerous tradition of the superiority of the black man's intelligence to the mere white; and, as it is just the reverse of this idea which maintains the white supremacy in Africa, it is not unlikely that Korina will have imitators. He may prove to have founded a school of African statecraft which will give the European officers in search of Sofas a good deal of trouble.

Professor Garner has been lecturing on his studies of monkey language; and it is quite clear that if he has not learned enough among the monkeys to establish his theory, he must have given them abundant reason for reflection. The natives told him during his travels in Africa that he had seen more gorillas than any other white man. They were attracted by the monkey speech stored up in his phonograph; and between that instrument and the aspect of Mr. Garner they must have had a startling time. Gorilla-land has, no doubt, been agitated ever since by these inexplicable portents; and probably professional gorillas are lecturing to arboreal audiences on the probability that the white-faced stranger belongs to a hitherto unsuspected branch of the monkey race. Mr. Garner does not appear to have discovered anything decisive about the structure of the monkey language, but he seems to be hopeful of lighting on the link between the mere intonation of the monkey and the articulate speech of man.

It is said that the lady who dances in the cage of lions at the Aquarium is the wife of M. Caran d'Ache, the well-known caricaturist. While she dances the animals are held at bay by the trainer, who fixes them with his glittering eye. They do not like him, but she flatters herself that they are very fond of her. At any rate, if they were to make a meal of anybody they would choose him out of pure dislike. A humane M.P. has asked the Home Secretary whether this exhibition is to be tolerated, and Mr. Asquith is believed to be making inquiries. Many people would like to see the suppression of all entertainments of this class; and strange to say, they are not silenced by the argument that the lions would rather eat the trainer than the lady. Such exhibitions appeal to the same barbarous instinct which was gratified by the gladiatorial combats in the Roman amphitheatre.

Mr. Chamberlain has been wondering whether Sir William Harcourt has kept any of his "dearest friends." But everywhere we look in the political field we see somebody's "dearest" turned into his deadliest. Just now it is the turn of Mr. Frederic Harrison and Admiral Maxse.

They have been pounding each other in the columns of a morning paper. The climax is that the Admiral informs the public that the monosyllable which he cannot apply in a newspaper controversy to Mr. Harrison's statements he has sent to that gentleman by post. What a perfectly ungovernable rage a man must get into before he resorts to this expedient! It would be quite sufficient for any public purpose to show that Mr. Harrison's statements are wrong, if they are wrong; but no—Admiral Maxse is not content till he has let the world into the secret of the private and abusive letter which he has sent to his antagonist! Everybody knows that Mr. Harrison and Admiral Maxse are men of unimpeachable honour, and to find one of them boasting that he has applied to the other an opprobrious epithet by post can only make the judicious grieve.

St. Augustine's, Highbury New Park, one of the most lucrative incumbencies in the diocese of London, has been accepted by the Rev. Joseph M'Cormick, D.D., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Hull, Prebendary of St. Newbold, in York Minster, and an honorary chaplain to the Queen. Canon M'Cormick is of Irish extraction, and his father was at one time M.P. for Londonderry. He was born at Liverpool, and educated there and at Bingley. He graduated at Cambridge without honours in 1857, and afterwards took an *ad eundem* degree at Dublin, whence he obtained his D.D. After a short experience as a London curate he went to an Irish incumbency in the county of Waterford. He returned again to curate life in London, and after a time removed to Deptford, where eventually he became the first incumbent of St. Peter's. He was appointed to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Hull, in 1875, and became Rural Dean. Canon M'Cormick's friends have been accustomed to speak of him as "Vicar of Hull," but the title has always been hotly disputed in Hull. Canon M'Cormick was in his day a tower of strength to the Cambridge eleven, and he has always shown a decided sympathy with muscular Christianity. He is a genial, robust Orangeman, who will make many friends in London; an interesting preacher, and a familiar representative of his party on Church Congress platforms.

Although Léonide Leblanc was never a member of the Comédie Française, with her has just passed away one of the best known French actresses of the century. She created many great parts, that of Diana in Dumas père's "Dame de Monsoreau," Madame Dubarry in his "Joseph Balsame," Raphaële in "Nos Intimes," Mlle. de Saint-Genève in "Le Marquis de Villemer," and, more lately, Madame De Cernay in Ohnet's "Serge Panine." Born something under half a century ago at Dampierre, Léonide was destined by her parents to follow the career of a country schoolmistress; but she was a born comedienne, and in spite of the strong opposition of her family, made her début when only fifteen in a small theatre at Belleville. It was there that the manager of the Variétés happened to see her, and, struck with her beauty and talent, he offered her an engagement. For thirty years she remained one of the greatest favourites of the Parisian theatrical public, but some few years ago, struck down by an incurable disease, she disappeared into private life, and was rarely seen save at some important *première*, half hidden in a stage box, and refusing with painful obstinacy to recognise even her oldest and most faithful friends.

In the death of Dr. William Alexander, Scotland has lost one of its veteran journalists and Aberdeen its most characteristic representative.

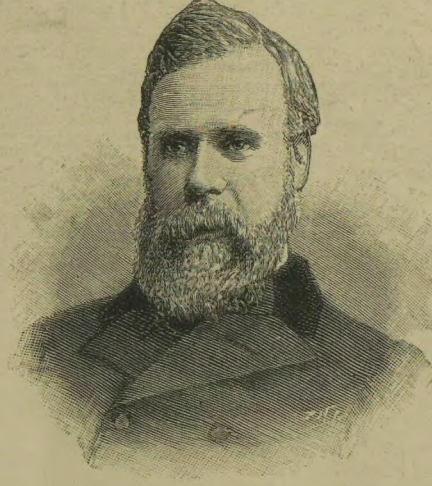


Photo by R. Brown, Inverary.
THE LATE DR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

for an accident which disabled him and made it impossible for him to gratify his boyish desire for an open-air life on the sea or in the Colonies. He was not without resource, however, for like most of his "ain folk"—of whom he afterwards wrote so vividly—he had keen intelligence. The result was that he found himself at the age of seven-and-twenty on the staff of a local Liberal weekly. Four months later, in May 1853, it vanished, and its place was taken by the *Free Press*, which was founded by a quiet, serious-minded farmer, Mr. William McCombie, to uphold Liberalism and to voice the interests of the agriculturist. The paper prospered, until to-day it has become one of the chief dailies in Scotland, although, like most of the others, it has ceased to represent Gladstonian Liberalism. When it threw out an evening offshoot—the *Evening Gazette*—Dr. Alexander was put in charge, making it Liberal. But he was greater as a literary artist than as a journalist. His great book, "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," published nearly a quarter of a century ago, was a revelation of his power, and a revelation of the life in rural Aberdeenshire. Written in the dialect of the county, the Doric *par excellence* of Scotland, it is almost photographic in its lifelikeness of the sturdy and somewhat unimaginative people of Aberdeenshire. In 1875 he published "Life Among My Ain Folk," which is even greater in some respects than the earlier book, although it has never gained its popularity. The University of Aberdeen recognised his work by conferring on him the degree of LL.D.

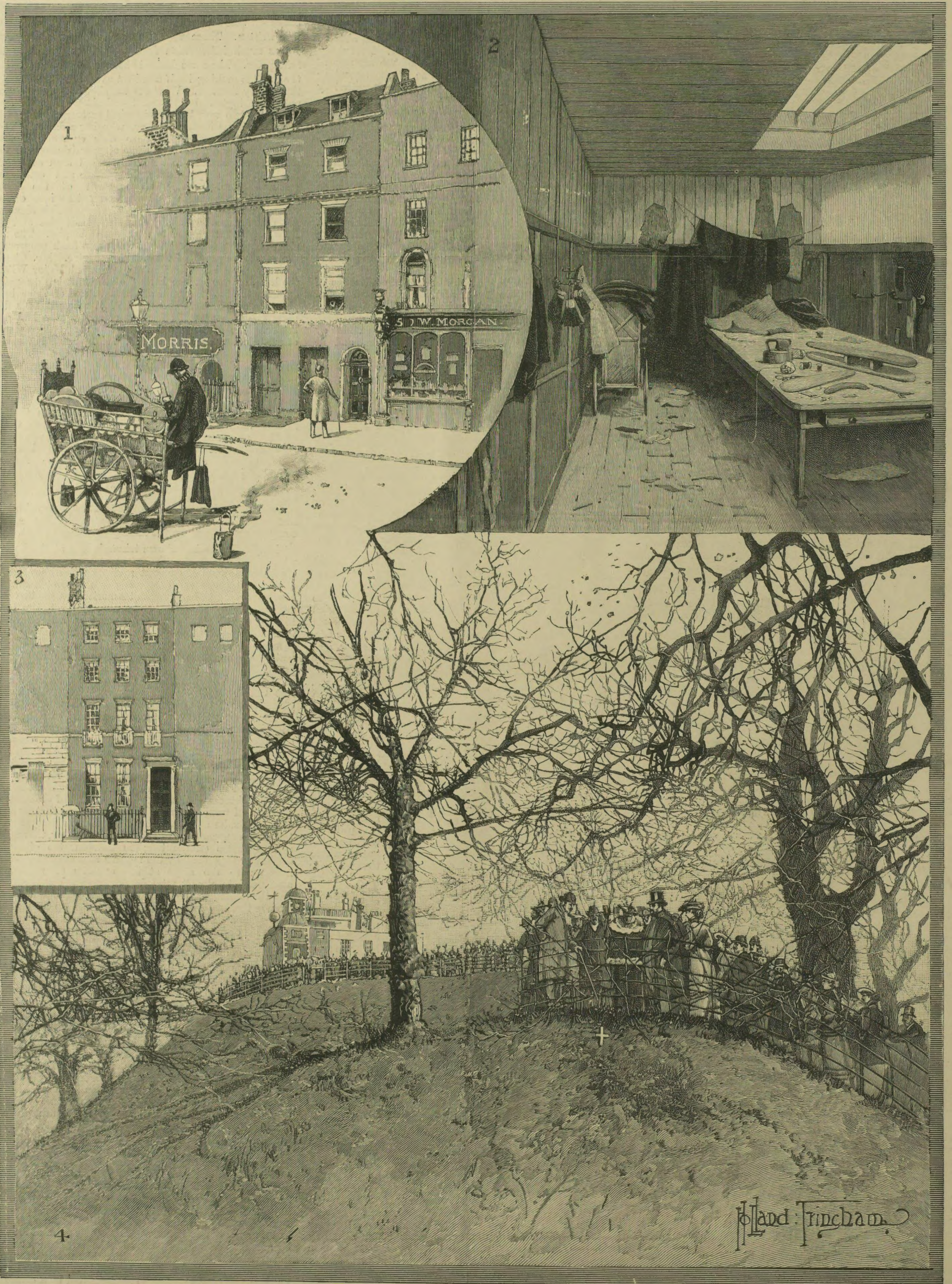
THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

In the columns of the time-honoured periodical to which I have had the rare pleasure of contributing for so many years, it is surely needless for me to insist on the value of pictures and illustrations. It is an age of pictures. The books sell best that are well illustrated in addition to being well written. Those who run, and read while they run, get as much information from pictorial art as from the letterpress. The same desire to satisfy the eye as well as the mind is making itself manifest at what are now called the variety theatres. What are the sketches of "Nelson" and "Wellington" but pictures?—admirable reproductions, in fact, of two well-known historical cartoons. A popular artist like Mr. Charles Godfrey, who has a dramatic style of singing, comes forward to sing or recite a poem commendatory of some deed of heroism and daring. Music lends its welcome aid to the verse. And then comes the finale in the shape of a well-grouped and artistically coloured picture. The management of the Tivoli goes a step still further ahead, and enters into competition with the illustrated papers, from which alone we get our information about our distant colonies and the little wars that belong to a scattered empire. The new sketch called "The Last Shot" marks a fresh progress in the steady advance of the variety theatre. Mr. Charles Godfrey, attired this time as the lamented Major Wilson, the hero, or one of the heroes, of the Matabili campaign, explains the bare incidents of the last stand of these brave pioneers, and then, fighting to the last moment, falls dead upon the bodies of his faithful comrades who had gone before. The artist who devised this group is highly to be commended, and surely these brief pictorial displays, alternately pathetic and patriotic, are a relief to the interminable skirt-dances and comic songs of the hour. At any rate, they constitute "variety," which is the essence of popular amusement, and it is not too much to expect that in the days to come our popular poets, gifted musicians, and dramatic artists will heartily contribute to these lighter amusements of the people. When the variety theatre was made free to the people, it was hoped that dramatists of the first class would help the halls, as they are called, as well as the theatres, so as to justify the belief that the better the entertainment given, the more it will be patronised and encouraged by the people. The example set by "Venice" and "Constantinople" will not be lost, and, to my thinking, instead of depressing theatrical enterprise the spirited competition will stir up the managers to fresh effort.

Mr. H. Irving has shown triumphantly at the Lyceum what can be done for Shakspeare and the poetical drama. He has gone with his recent revivals miles ahead of the artistic enterprise of a Macready or a Charles Kean. He has found both in England and America that the best work pays best. Comedy and drama were never before in the history of the stage so well, accurately, and beautifully illustrated as they are to-day. Nor is the once-despised pantomime fading into the background. What, for instance, could be more beautiful than the last-century period illustrated by Mr. Comyns Carr in "Dick Sheridan," or a period of pure romance shown to the children this last Christmas in the daintily conceived "Pied Piper of Hamelin," or the "Cinderella" fairy story at the Lyceum this year, which is to be taken over *en bloc* to America, in order to show our enterprising cousins that in some departments of illustrative and decorative art we are not so behindhand as some people might be induced to believe? Since Mr. Irving first went over to America, the American stage has made gigantic strides forward, and if we in London could only borrow from America the lightness, brightness, and cheerful appearance of the American theatres all would be well. I am convinced that, as a rule, our best modern theatres are too heavy in decoration and too dull in appearance. In America, somehow, the audience always seems exhilarated; in London, too often it is inevitably depressed by the modern idea of getting brightness on to the stage at the expense of putting the audience into almost total darkness. Look at the Empire and the Alhambra, how gay they are! The majority of the variety theatres follow suit, and brighten up the theatrical atmosphere. But there is a vault-like gloom at the majority of our London theatres that instinctively enervates an audience. Instead of screwing them up to a pitch of pleasure, the modern tendency is to screw them down. Nor are matters improved by the modern high-class and excellent orchestras, that take a positive pleasure in giving between the acts the most sombre music that can be selected from the classical masters. Let us have good music by all means, but a dirge-like accompaniment to a dirge-like play means dramatic death—to the spectator or auditor.

If what I have ventured to urge be true, or have even a semblance of truth about it, if we are advancing all round, in theatres as well as halls, then it is indeed marvellous that any speculator in these days should pin his faith to such entertainments as have recently been given at the smaller theatres. Miss Annie Rose has recently, with characteristic vigour and truth, given the result of her experience at the Royalty Theatre. But who could have expected any other result? Is it seriously supposed that with all the pleasures on tap, from our lordly Lyceum to the popular Olympia, that people will go to see trivial little plays, not, as a rule, very well acted? Is a modern three-act farce good enough for an evening's amusement at the prices now charged at our London theatres? The public seem to say, Decidedly not. For instance, Miss Minnie Palmer is a clever and a merry little actress, whose peculiar form of art would be accepted cheerfully at any of the burlesque or variety theatres. But, clever as she is, it could scarcely be expected that amusement-loving London would crowd to the Royalty to see "The Little Widow," supplemented by a comediotta that would scarcely interest a family audience of amateurs in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room. Small theatres will attract as well as large theatres, provided only they have something good to show. At present the public, who are, after all, the only judges, seem to say that they must give more and better plays if they are to be liberally patronised.

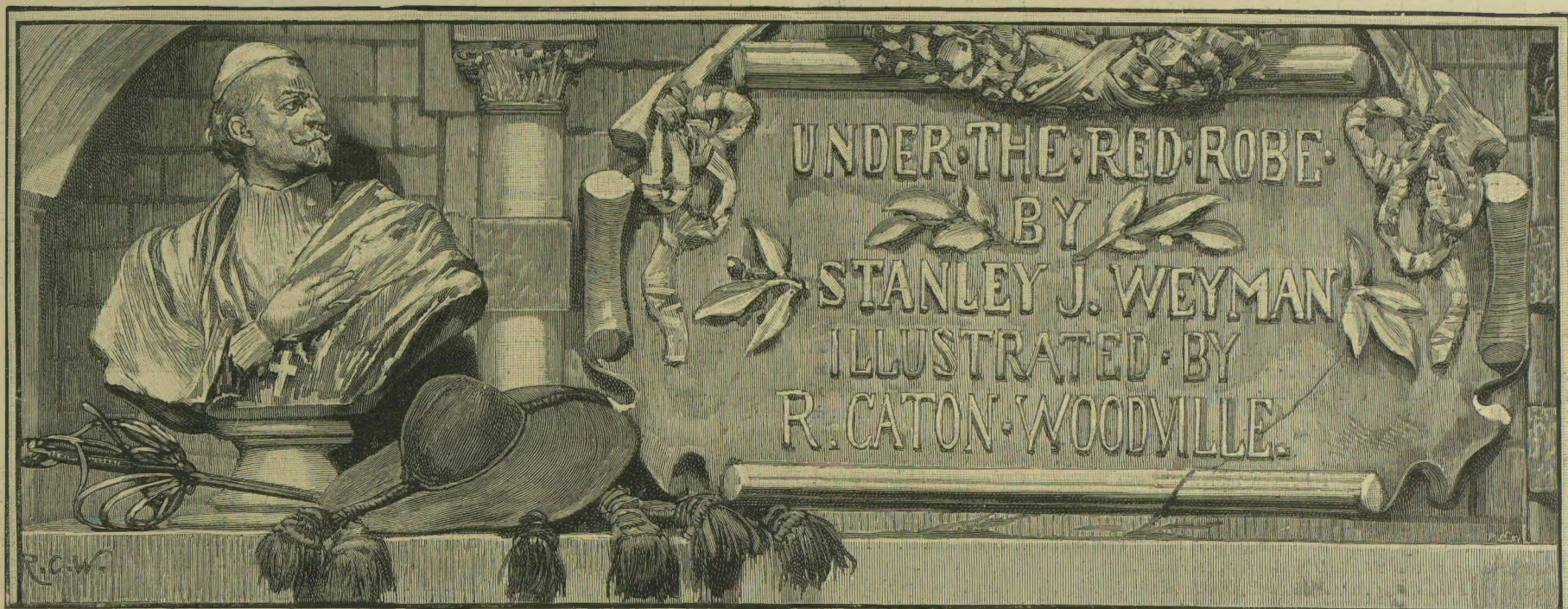


1. The Autonomie Club, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road.
2. Bourdin's workroom as left by him on the day of the explosion.

3. House in which Bourdin lived, 30, Fitzroy Street.
4. Scene of the explosion in Greenwich Park.

The + denotes the spot where Bourdin was killed.

THE ANARCHIST CONSPIRATORS IN LONDON.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUESTION.

"Sweep the room, Monsieur? And remove this medley? But M. le Capitaine——"

"The captain is at the village," I replied sternly. "And do you move! Move, man, and the thing will be done while you are talking about it! Set the door into the garden open—so!"

"Certainly, it is a fine morning. And the tobacco of M. le Lieutenant—— But M. le Capitaine did not——"

"Give orders? Well, I give them!" I answered. "First of all, remove these beds. And bustle, man, bustle, or I will find something to quicken you!"

In a moment—"And M. le Capitaine's riding-boots?"

"Place them in the passage," I replied.

"Ohé! In the passage?" He paused, looking at them in doubt.

"Yes, booby; in the passage."

"And the cloaks, Monsieur?"

"There is a bush handy outside the window. Let them air."

"Ohé, the bush? Well, to be sure they are damp. But—yes, yes, Monsieur, it is done. And the holsters?"

"There also!" I said harshly. "Throw them out. Faugh! The place reeks of leather. Now, a clean hearth. And set the table before the open door, so that we may see the garden—so. And tell the cook that we shall dine at eleven, and that Madame and Mademoiselle will descend."

"Ohé! But M. le Capitaine ordered the dinner for half-past eleven?"

"It must be advanced, then; and, mark you, my friend, if it is not ready when Madame comes down you will suffer and the cook too."

When he was gone on his errand, I looked round. What else was lacking? The sun shone cheerily on the polished floor; the air, freshened by the rain which had fallen in the night, entered freely through the open doorway. A few bees lingering with the summer hummed outside. The fire crackled bravely; an old hound, blind and past work, lay warming its hide on the hearth. I could think of nothing more, and I stood and watched the man set out the table and spread the cloth. "For how many, Monsieur?" he asked in a scared tone.

"For five," I answered; and I could not help smiling at myself. What would Zaton's say could it see Berault turned housewife? There was a white glazed cup—an old-fashioned piece of the second Henry's time—standing on a shelf. I took it down and put some late flowers in it, and set it in the middle of the table, and stood off myself to look at it. But a moment later, thinking I heard them coming, I hurried it away in a kind of panic, feeling on a sudden ashamed of the thing. The alarm proved to be false, however; and then again, taking another turn, I set the piece back. I had done nothing so foolish for—for more years than I liked to count.

But when Madame and Mademoiselle came, they had eyes neither for the flowers nor the room. They had heard that the captain was out beating the village and the woods for the fugitive, and where I had looked for a comedy I found a tragedy. Madame's face was so red with weeping that all her beauty was gone. She started and shook at the slightest sound, and, unable to find any words to answer my greeting, could only sink into a chair and sit crying silently.

Mademoiselle was in a mood scarcely more cheerful. She did not weep, but her manner was hard and fierce. She spoke absently and answered fretfully. Her eyes glittered, and she had the air of straining her ears continually to catch some dreaded sound. "There is no news, Monsieur?" she said as she took her seat. And she shot a swift look at me.

"None, Mademoiselle."

"They are searching the village?"

"I believe so."

"Where is Clon?" This in a lower voice, and with a kind of shrinking in her face.

I shook my head. "I believe they have him confined somewhere. And Louis, too," I said. "But I have not seen either of them."

"And where are—— I thought these people would be here," she muttered. And she glanced askance at the two vacant places. The servant had brought in the meal.

"They will be here presently," I said coolly. "Let us make the most of the time. A little wine and food will do Madame good."

She smiled rather sadly. "I think we have changed places," she said. "And that you have turned host and we guests."

"Let it be so," I said cheerfully. "I recommend some of this ragoût. Come, Mademoiselle; fasting can aid no one. A full meal has saved many a man's life."

It was clumsily said perhaps, for she shuddered and looked at me with a ghastly smile. But she persuaded her sister to taste something; and she took something on her own plate and raised her fork to her lips. But in a moment she laid it down again.



"Yes, Mademoiselle, I am he."

"I cannot," she murmured. "I cannot swallow. Oh, my God, at this moment they may be taking him!"

I thought that she was about to burst into a passion of tears, and I repented that I had induced her to descend. But her self-control was not yet exhausted. By an effort painful to see, she recovered her composure. She took up her fork, and ate a few mouthfuls. Then she looked at me with a fierce under-look. "I want to see Clon," she whispered feverishly. The man who waited on us had left the room.

"He knows?" I said.

She nodded, her beautiful face strangely disfigured. Her closed teeth showed between her lips. Two red spots burned in her white cheeks, and she breathed quickly. I felt, as I looked at her, a sudden pain at my heart, and a shuddering fear, such as a man, awaking to find himself falling over a precipice, might feel. How these women loved the man!

For a moment I could not speak. When I found my voice it sounded dry and husky. "He is a safe confidant," I muttered. "He can neither speak nor write, Mademoiselle."

"No, but—" and then her face became fixed. "They are coming," she whispered. "Hush!" She rose stiffly, and stood supporting herself by the table. "Have they—have they—found him?" she muttered. The woman by her side wept on, unconscious what was impending.

I heard the captain stumble far down the passage, and swear loudly; and I touched Mademoiselle's hand. "They have not!" I whispered. "All is well, Mademoiselle. Pray, pray calm yourself. Sit down, and meet them as if nothing were the matter. And your sister! Madame, Madame," I cried, almost harshly, "compose yourself. Remember that you have a part to play."

My appeal did something. Madame stifled her sobs. Mademoiselle drew a deep breath and sat down; and though she was still pale and still trembled, the worst was past.

And just in time. The door flew open with a crash. The captain stumbled into the room, swearing afresh. "*Sacré nom du diable!*" he cried, his face crimson with rage. "What fool placed these things here? My boots? My—"

His jaw fell. He stopped on the word, stricken silent by the new aspect of the room, by the sight of the little party at the table, by all the changes I had worked. "*Saint Siège!*" he muttered. "What is this? The lieutenant's grizzled face peering over his shoulder completed the picture."

"You are rather late, M. le Capitaine," I said cheerfully. "Madame's hour is eleven. But come, here are your seats waiting for you."

"*Mille tonnerres!*" he muttered, advancing into the room, and glaring at us.

"I am afraid the ragoût is cold," I continued, peering into the dish and affecting to see nothing. "The soup, however, has been kept hot by the fire. But I think you do not see Madame."

He opened his mouth to swear, but for the moment thought better of it. "Who—who put my boots in the passage?" he asked, his voice thick with rage. He did not bow to the ladies, or take any notice of their presence.

"One of the men, I suppose," I said indifferently. "Is anything missing?"

He glared at me. Then his cloak, spread outside, caught his eye. He strode through the door, saw his holsters lying on the grass, and other things strewn about. He came back. "Whose monkey game is this?" he snarled, and his face was very ugly. "Who is at the bottom of this? Speak, Sir, or I—"

"Tut-tut! the ladies!" I said. "You forget yourself, Monsieur."

"Forget myself?" he hissed, and this time he did not check his oath. "Don't talk to me of the ladies! Madame? Bah! Do you think, fool, that we are put into rebels' houses to bow and smile and take dancing lessons?"

"In this case a lesson in politeness were more to the point, Monsieur," I said sternly. And I rose.

"Was it by your orders that this was done?" he retorted, his brow black with passion. "Answer, will you?"

"It was!" I replied outright.

"Then take that!" he cried, dashing his hat violently in my face. "And come outside."

"With pleasure, Monsieur," I answered, bowing. "In one moment. Permit me to find my sword. I think it is in the passage."

I went thither to get it. When I returned I found that the two men were waiting for me in the garden, while the ladies had risen from the table and were standing near it with blanched faces. "You had better take your sister upstairs, Mademoiselle," I said gently, pausing a moment beside them. "Have no fear. All will be well."

"But what is it?" she answered, looking troubled. "It was so sudden. I am—I did not understand. You quarrelled so quickly."

"It is very simple," I answered, smiling. "M. le Capitaine insulted you yesterday; he will pay for it to-day. That is all. Or, not quite all," I continued, dropping my voice and speaking in a different tone. "His removal may help you, Mademoiselle. Do you understand? I think that there will be no more searching to-day."

She uttered an exclamation, grasping my arm and peering into my face. "You will kill him?" she muttered.

I nodded. "Why not?" I said.

She caught her breath and stood with one hand clasped to her bosom, gazing at me with parted lips, the blood mounting to her cheeks. Gradually the flush melted into a fierce smile. "Yes, yes, why not?" she repeated between her teeth. "Why not?" She had her hand on my arm, and I felt her fingers tighten until I could have withered. "Why not? So you planned this—for us, Monsieur?"

I nodded.

"But can you?"

"Safely," I said; then, muttering to her to take her sister upstairs, I turned towards the garden. My foot was already on the threshold, and I was composing my face to meet the enemy, when I heard a movement behind me. The next moment her hand was on my arm. "Wait! Wait a moment! Come back!" she panted. I turned. The smile and flush had vanished; her face was pale. "No!" she said abruptly. "I was wrong! I will not have it. I will have no part in it! You planned it last night, M. de Barthe. It is murder!"

"Mademoiselle!" I exclaimed, wondering. "Murder? Why? It is a duel."

"It is murder," she answered persistently. "You planned it last night. You said so."

"But I risk my own life," I replied sharply.

"Nevertheless—I will have no part in it," she answered more faintly. "It will bring no good." She was trembling with agitation. Her eyes avoided mine.

"On my shoulders be it then!" I replied stoutly. "It is too late, Mademoiselle, to go back. They are waiting for me. Only, before I go, let me beg of you to retire."

And I turned from her, and went out, wondering and thinking. First, that women were strange things. Secondly—murder? Merely because I had planned the duel and provoked the quarrel! Never had I heard anything so preposterous. Grant it, and dub every man who kept his honour with his hands a Cain—and a good many branded faces would be seen in some streets. I laughed at the fancy, as I strode down the garden walk.

And yet, perhaps, I was going to do a foolish thing. The lieutenant would still be here: a hard-bitten man, of stiffer stuff than his captain. And the troopers. What if, when I had killed their leader, they made the place too hot for me, Monseigneur's commission notwithstanding? I should look silly, indeed, if on the eve of success I were driven from the place by a parcel of jack-boots.

I liked the thought so little that I hesitated. Yet it seemed too late to retreat. The captain and the lieutenant were waiting in a little open space fifty yards from the house, where a narrower path crossed the broad walk, down which I had first seen Mademoiselle and her sister pacing. The captain had removed his doublet, and stood in his shirt leaning against the sundial, his head bare and his sinewy throat uncovered. He had drawn his rapier and stood pricking the ground impatiently. I marked his strong and nervous frame and his sanguine air; and twenty years earlier the sight might have damped me. But no thought of the kind entered my head now, and though I felt with each moment greater reluctance to engage, doubt of the issue had no place in my calculations.

I made ready slowly, and would gladly, to gain time, have found some fault with the place. But the sun was sufficiently high to give no advantage to either. The ground was good, the spot well chosen. I could find no excuse to put off the man, and I was about to salute him and fall to work, when a thought crossed my mind.

"One moment!" I said. "Supposing I kill you, M. le Capitaine, what becomes of your errand here?"

"Don't trouble yourself," he answered with a sneer—he had misread my slowness and hesitation. "It will not happen, Monsieur. And in any case the thought need not harass you. I have a lieutenant."

"Yes, but what of my mission?" I replied bluntly. "I have no lieutenant."

"You should have thought of that before you interfered with my boots," he retorted with contempt.

"True," I said, overlooking his manner. "But better late than never. I am not sure, now I think of it, that my duty to Monseigneur will let me fight."

"You will swallow the blow?" he cried, spitting on the ground offensively. "*Diable!*" And the lieutenant, standing on one side with his hands behind him and his shoulders squared, laughed grimly.

"I have not made up my mind," I answered irresolutely.

"Well, *nom de Dieu!* make it up," the captain replied, with an ugly sneer. He took a swaggering step this way and that, playing his weapon. "I am afraid, lieutenant, there will be no sport to-day," he continued in a loud aside. "Our cock has but a chicken heart."

"Well!" I said coolly, "I do not know what to do. Certainly it is a fine day, and a fair piece of ground. And the sun stands well. But I have not much to gain by killing you, M. le Capitaine, and it might get me into an awkward fix. On the other hand, it would not hurt me to let you go."

"Indeed?" he said contemptuously, looking at me as I should look at a lacquey.

"No!" I replied. "For if you were to say that you had struck Gil de Berault and left the ground with a whole skin, no one would believe you."

"Gil de Berault!" he exclaimed, frowning.

"Yes, Monsieur," I replied suavely. "At your service. You did not know my name?"

"I thought your name was De Barthe," he said. His voice sounded queerly; and he waited for the answer with parted lips, and a shadow in his eyes which I had seen in men's eyes before.

"No," I said. "That was my mother's name. I took it for this occasion only."

His florid cheek lost a shade of its colour, and he bit his lips as he glanced at the lieutenant, trouble in his eyes. I had seen these signs before, and knew them, and I might have cried "Chicken-heart!" in my turn; but I had not made a way of escape for him—before I declared myself—for nothing, and I held to my purpose. "I think you will allow now," I said grimly, "that it will not harm me even if I put up with a blow!"

"M. de Berault's courage is known," he muttered.

"And with reason," I said. "That being so, suppose we say this day three months, M. le Capitaine? The postponement to be for my convenience."

He caught the lieutenant's eye and looked down sullenly, the conflict in his mind as plain as daylight. He had only to insist and I must fight; and if by luck or skill he could master me his fame as a duellist would run, like a ripple over water, through every garrison town in France and make him a name even in Paris. On the other side were the imminent peril of death, the gleam of cold steel already in fancy at his breast, the loss of life and sunshine and the possibility of a retreat with honour, if without glory. I read his face, and knew before he spoke what he would do.

"It appears to me that the burden is with you," he said huskily; "but for my part I am satisfied."

"Very well," I said, "I take the burden. Permit me to apologise for having caused you to strip unnecessarily. Fortunately the sun is shining."

"Yes," he said gloomily. And he took his clothes from the sundial and began to put them on. He had expressed himself satisfied, but I knew that he was feeling very ill-satisfied with himself, and I was not surprised when he presently said abruptly and almost rudely: "There is one thing I think we must settle here."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Our positions," he blurted out. "Or we shall cross one another again within the hour."

"Umph! I am not quite sure that I understand," I said.

"That is precisely what I don't do—understand!" he retorted, in a tone of surly triumph. "Before I came on this duty, I was told that there was a gentleman here, bearing sealed orders from the Cardinal to arrest M. de Cocheforêt; and I was instructed to avoid collision with him so far as might be possible. At first I took you for the gentleman. But the plague take me if I understand the matter now."

"Why not?" I said coldly.

"Because—well, the matter is in a nutshell!" he answered impetuously. "Are you here on behalf of Madame de Cocheforêt to shield her husband? Or are you here to arrest him? That is what I don't understand, M. de Berault."

"If you mean, am I the Cardinal's agent—I am!" I answered sternly.

"To arrest M. de Cocheforêt?"

"To arrest M. de Cocheforêt."

"Well—you surprise me," he said.

Only that; but he spoke so drily that I felt the blood rush to my face. "Take care, Monsieur," I said severely. "Do not presume too far on the inconvenience to which your death might put me."

He shrugged his shoulders. "No offence!" he said. "But you do not seem, M. de Berault, to comprehend the difficulty. If we do not settle things now, we shall be bickering twenty times a day!"

"Well, what do you want?" I asked impatiently.

"Simply to know how you are going to proceed. So that our plans may not clash."

"But surely, M. le Capitaine, that is my affair!" I replied.

"The clashing?" he answered bitterly. Then he waved aside my wrath. "Pardon," he said, "the point is simply this: How do you propose to find him if he is here?"

"That again is my affair," I answered.

He threw up his hands in despair; but in a moment his place was taken by an unexpected disputant. The lieutenant, who had stood by all the time, listening and tugging at his grey moustache, suddenly spoke. "Look here, M. de Berault," he said, confronting me roughly, "I do not fight duels. I am from the ranks. I proved my courage at Montauban in '21, and my honour is good enough to take care of itself. So I say what I like, and I ask you plainly what M. le Capitaine doubtless has in his mind but does not ask: Are you running with the hare and hunting with the hounds in this matter? In other words, have you thrown up Monseigneur's commission in all but name and become Madame's ally; or—it is the only other alternative—are you getting at the man through the women?"

"You villain!" I cried, glaring at him in such a rage and fury I could scarcely get the words out. This was plain speaking with a vengeance! "How dare you! How dare you say that I am false to the hand that pays me?"

I thought he would blench, but he did not. He stood stiff as a poker. "I do not say; I ask!" he replied, facing me squarely, and slapping his fist into his open hand to drive home his words the better. "I ask you whether you are playing the traitor to the Cardinal? Or to these two women? It is a simple question."

I fairly choked. "You impudent scoundrel," I said.

"Steady, steady!" he replied. "Pitch sticks where it belongs. But that is enough. I see which it is, M. le Capitaine; this way a moment, by your leave."

And in a very cavalier way he took his officer by the arm, and drew him into a side-walk, leaving me to stand in the sun, bursting with anger and spleen. The gutter-bred rascal! That such a man should insult me, and with impunity! In Paris I might have made him fight, but here it was impossible. I was still foaming with rage when they returned.

"We have come to a determination," the lieutenant said, tugging his grey moustachios and standing like a ramrod. "We shall leave you the house and Madame, and you can take your line to find the man. For ourselves, we shall draw off our men to the village, and we shall take our line. That is all, M. le Capitaine, is it not?"

"I think so," the captain muttered, looking anywhere but at me.

"Then we bid you good-day, Monsieur," the lieutenant added. And in a moment he turned his companion round, and the two retired up the walk to the house, leaving me to look after them in a black fit of rage and incredulity. At the first flush there was something so offensive in the manner of their going that anger had the upper hand. I thought of the lieutenant's words, and I cursed him to hell with a sickening consciousness that I should not forget them in a hurry:

"Was I playing the traitor to the Cardinal or to these women—which?" *Mon Dieu!* if ever question—but there! some day I would punish him. And the captain? I could put an end to his amusement, at any rate; and I would. Doubtless among the country bucks of Auch he lorded it as a chief provincial bully; but I would cut his comb for him some fine morning behind the barracks.

And then as I grew cooler I began to wonder why they were going, and what they were going to do. They might be already on the track, or have the information they required under hand; in that case I could understand the movement. But if they were still searching vaguely, uncertain whether their quarry were in the neighbourhood or not, and uncertain how long they might have to stay, it seemed incredible that soldiers should move from good quarters to bad without motive.

I wandered down the garden thinking sullenly of this, and pettishly cutting off the heads of the flowers with my sheathed sword. After all, if they found and arrested the man, what then? I should have to make my peace with the Cardinal as I best

woman has just been with me, and she tells me that they are going!"

"Going?" I said. "Yes, Mademoiselle, they are leaving the house."

She did not understand my reservation. "What magic have you used?" she said almost gaily—it was wonderful how hope had changed her. "Moreover, I am curious to learn how you managed to avoid fighting."

"After taking a blow?" I said bitterly.

"Monsieur, I did not mean that," she said reproachfully. But her face clouded. I saw that, viewed in this light—in which, I suppose, she had not seen it—the matter perplexed her still more.

I took a sudden resolution. "Have you ever heard, Mademoiselle," I said gravely, plucking off while I spoke the dead leaves from a plant beside me, "of a gentleman by name De Berault? Known in Paris, so I have heard, by the sobriquet of the Black Death?"

"The duellist?" she answered in wonder. "Yes, I have heard of him. He killed a young gentleman of this province

THE LATE M. DU CAMP.

The death of Maxime du Camp creates a fresh vacancy in the French Academy, and gives M. Zola another opportunity of joining the ranks of the "Immortals." Dying on his seventy-second birthday, Maxime du Camp had of late years lost touch with the France of to-day, and the greater part of each year was spent by him at Baden-Baden, where he possessed a charming villa, and was on most intimate and friendly terms with the Grand Duke. The well-known writer and traveller had hoped, when a young man, to become an artist; but after several short sojourns in the best known studios of the day, he made up his mind to give up art, and devoted the next few years to two long journeys in the East. On his return he published anonymously a one-volume story, entitled "The Memoirs of a Suicide," which had a considerable success. Seven years later Du Camp joined Garibaldi in the latter's famous Sicilian expedition, of which perhaps the best account is that written shortly after by Du Camp himself in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Maxime du Camp, however, is best known for his remarkable



The captain and the lieutenant were waiting . . . The captain had removed his doublet, and stood leaning against the sundial.

might. He would have gained his point, but not through me, and I should have to look to myself. On the other hand, if I anticipated them—and, as a fact, I felt that I could lay my hand on the fugitive within a few hours—there would come a time when I must face Mademoiselle.

A little while back that had not seemed so difficult a thing. From the day of our first meeting—and in a higher degree since that afternoon when she had lashed me with her scorn—my views of her, and my feelings towards her, had been strangely made up of antagonism and sympathy; of repulsion, because in her past and present she was so different from me; of yearning, because she was a woman and friendless. Then I had duped her and bought her confidence by returning the jewels, and in a measure I had sated my vengeance; and then, as a consequence, sympathy had again begun to get the better, until now I hardly knew my own mind or what I intended. *I did not know*, in fact, what I intended. I stood there in the garden with that conviction suddenly new-born in my mind; and then, in a moment, I heard her step and turned to find her behind me.

Her face was like April, smiles breaking through her tears. As she stood with a tall hedge of sunflowers behind her, I started to see how beautiful she was. "I am here in search of you, M. de Barthe," she said, colouring slightly, perhaps because my eyes betrayed my thought, "to thank you. You have not fought, and yet you have conquered. My

at Nancy two years back. It was a sad story," she continued shuddering, "of a dreadful man. God keep our friends from such!"

"Amen!" I said quietly. But, in spite of myself, I could not meet her eyes.

"Why?" she answered, quickly taking alarm at my silence. "What of him, M. de Barthe? Why have you mentioned him?"

"Because he is here, Mademoiselle."

"Here?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," I answered soberly. "I am he."

(To be continued.)

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studies on modern Paris, which, originally published in serial form, have become text-books on the subject of which they treat, notably his "Paris Bienfaisant" and "La Charité Privée à Paris." Maxime du Camp succeeded Saint-René Taillandier in the Academy during the year 1880, but he was seldom if ever seen occupying his fauteuil under the historic cupola. His villa at Baden-Baden was each year the meeting-place of a small but select society, composed of the intelligent individuals who, belonging to many nationalities, still haunt the one-time popular German watering-place. Du Camp, who was a fine, soldierly looking man, had a profound aversion to matrimony, and this, curiously enough, was one of the reasons why he saw so few of his French friends, for whenever one of them perpetrated the folly of joining the army of Benedicks he lost all favour in the eyes of the late Academician.

A part of Duncombe Park House, in Yorkshire, the residence of the Earl of Feversham, was recently destroyed by fire. It was the south-west wing of the house, which escaped the fire of 1879, and has been used during the rebuilding of the portion then burnt down. Nothing was saved except a few pictures from the study, among them being the celebrated "Candlelight" picture of Rubens. Lady Feversham's jewels, which were in her bed-room, are missing. The loss includes some valuable tapestry. The Earl of Feversham was away from home at the time, but the Countess and family were there, and escaped without harm.



"LA ROSE."—BY ARTHUR BURCHETT.

Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Piccadilly.

IN CLUBLAND.

No. IV.

The United Service.



IT is nearly two hundred and twenty-four years ago since Mr. Samuel Pepys—when will Londoners and people who love London be tired of quoting Mr. Pepys?—entered in that lovely and dreadful Diary of his an account, meant by his cryptic writing for his own refreshing only, of how he passed a clubbable night in Pall Mall. Our “street of palaces” does not quite come up to its description even now, thanks to some musty houses that might almost have existed when Pepys was writing for a Lord Braybrooke and for posterity. But, take it all in all, where does a street exist round which nobler thoughts gather? Where is the street to which men turn their minds when they speak of “Clubland”?—that wondrously

irresponsible region which shares with Downing Street and Whitehall, among middle-aged country folks, the responsibility for originating the public opinion that helps the Cabinet to govern the country.

I do not find in contemporary “London Letters” quite so much reference to the clubs. Saturday and Sunday were the great days for the clubs thirty years ago. Then the oracles of Pall Mall were supposed by the readers of “London Letters” to let themselves go! The centre of news is now not Pall Mall but the Lobby, or sometimes the private secretary’s room, in or near the line that runs from Nelson’s Column to the Clock Tower. Vainly would a bit of special information now pretend to permeate from Pall Mall. I have an idea, after thirty years and more of its clubs stowed away in my memory, that Pall Mall never gave up any secrets that were not brought there by those who took them away. Since I was a youth the Horse Guards has moved from Whitehall to Pall Mall, and people have given me credit for knowing something now and again of what the counsels of the great have arranged in things military; but, bar little bits of information that had to be pieced out like a puzzle-map and were useless unless one had the lay of the land before one’s eyes, I can lay my hand upon my breastbone and say with a clear conscience I never got a good bit of information in Pall Mall in my life; yet have I or my hosts broken the fundamental rules of half the exclusive clubs in Pall Mall. In one I had sherry when no refreshment was allowed; in another I have a lively recollection of an old Chambertin in the coffee-room when strangers were only admitted by the code to a room for them provided; in one more I have shared a member’s lunch; and in a fourth I have consumed a huge plate of cold meat which a member

ordered in a private room for himself, but which he told a fairy tale about rather than drop the subject on which he was for the time being boring me.

The most exclusive of all these clubs, not even excepting the Athenæum, was the “Senior,” the United Service Club, where old gentlemen who have risen to high military rank during a long peace have declared that the Service is going to the dogs—it does not matter what service or what dogs—when they have always spoken the mind of the “Senior.” But a change has recently come over the spirit of the committee—nay, of the members who appoint the committee every May. It is, perhaps, hardly the fault of the modern spirit in the club that it has not yet made itself felt all through the building. In old clubs there will be old servants, of whatever position, not very willing to move with the times and not liking to go out of their ruts; but in the spirit of its committee the “Senior” is now one of the spryest clubs going. No club has moved faster in the last few years. It is going ahead and it is looking ahead. I could tell of clubs the members of whose committees speak spitefully of “the poor old Senior,” but might take lessons from the “Senior” of to-day. If in the committee-list one sees a name that makes one ask: “How came it there?” one cannot but say that recent committees have been doing their work very well. For all its age, the “Senior” is one of the best clubs in the “Rue des Cercles,” and one of the cheapest. There was a time when the great Duke of Wellington kicked up a grand rumpus because he had been charged fifteen instead of twelve pence for a dinner from the joint, and, like a thorough-going old chap that he was, fought the thing through until he got the threepence returned—for the sake of the poor half-pay officer to whom the six bawbees were an object. There was a time when succulent chops were sixpence, and cold meat in plentifully supplied plates cost only “the docker’s tanner,” not in the “Senior” only but in several other of the older palaces of Pall Mall. Even now one can dine much better and much cheaper at some of these older clubs than at a restaurant depending on crowds of customers. At a restaurant, do I say? Why, even than at home, unless the home be one with wine laid down cheap, and now not to be bought by money or by price. But, just as in the case of the City Companies, the rarest wine of to-day in Pall Mall is not what it was twenty, or even fifteen years ago. Ah, me!





THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB: THE COFFEE-ROOM.



SIR DANIEL LYONS.

The United Service Club is commonly said, in books of reference, to have had its origin at the beginning of the Long Peace, among officers who then found themselves out of employment and who missed the cheap living of messes when they were put on half-pay. They were gregarious, so the story went, and desired a big mess-room. Nothing can be more clearly shown to be a fiction. It is true that the "Senior" took its rise just after the Peninsular War and the consignment of Napoleon to Elba. Yes; but



THE SMOKE-ROOM, UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.



THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB: THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

also just at the moment when we were sending every man we could muster to the Netherlands to oppose the triumphal march of the "Corsican Monster" on his return from Elba and his semi-triumphal march to the north.

It was on May 31, 1815, nineteen days before Waterloo, that General Graham, Lord Lynedoch, putting his head alongside that of General Lord Hill, struck out the idea of the club that is now the United Service Club. It was at first intended for old campaigners ashore. But the next year it struck out a side root, and the navy came in on Jan. 24. As yet the club had neither a habitation nor a name. On Feb. 16 only was the title it now bears definitely chosen. Nearly a year passed before a sufficient number of members was obtained to make the project feasible and to secure a site. At length, on St. David's Day, 1817, the foundation-stone was laid at the corner of Regent Street and Charles Street, where now the "Junior" rears its more ornate head. For ten years did the "Senior" occupy the frigid, the almost repulsive, building erected for it by Smirke. An attempt was made to relieve the front by some sculpture of Britannia distributing laurels to her heroes of land and sea—an idea reflected, if not adopted, in the view which Mr. Walter Wilson has sketched, and which shows the Guards' Crimean Monument in the foreground and the United Service Club, the best view of it, in its present



THE CARD-ROOM, UNITED SERVICE CLUB.



THE STEWART LIBRARY, UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

position, with—if the profane idea may be suggested—the young wife of some major or commander going to the edifice to insist on her *cara sposa* coming home to dinner, instead of lingering in “that horrid club.”

It was in November 1828 that the present club opened its doors in its present position. Then the building had cost fifty thousand pounds, a portion whereof was raised by debentures. These were all paid off in 1852. Later, a new wing was opened, the cost being cleared by the proceeds of other debentures, which will all be cleared off by, at the latest, 1909. But seventeen and a half years after that the ground lease will fall in to the Crown. It will be a bonus, indeed. I wonder what the present value of the reversion is? Perhaps, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer is casting about for ways and means in a bad year like this, inducing varied visions of increased income tax, the Crown might find a way to grant a copyhold or freehold tenure, or a lease for 999 years, for a decent consideration. Anyway, the club is preparing for the evil day. Last year the chairman of committee circularised members to the effect that the present rent is six hundred pounds, and that in 1926 it may be five thousand. It is a long way to look ahead, but the members have not shrunk from the burden laid upon them. They have “faced the music.” Instead of asking what posterity has done for them that they should do anything for posterity, they have agreed to devote a larger share of the profits of some seventeen to eighteen hundred a year to the speedier extinction of the debt; and they have voluntarily assessed themselves in five shillings a year additional so as to raise a sum of forty thousand pounds by the time the Crown will recover the right to resume the possession of the site. I am no prophet, but, if we have an army and a navy in 1926, I am sure the country will not be hard on—may I say?—the Veterans' Club. What is the present value to the country of an estimated forty thousand pounds in 1926? If we add the difference between another lease of ninety-nine and a lease of 999 years, we should probably find that twenty thousand pounds would go a long way to satisfying the maw of the Treasury. And what is twenty thousand pounds to a first-rate club on a virtual freehold? In 1892 the club paid off over four thousand pounds it need not have discharged. Need I say more on this point?

Let us follow the young lady with the frills beloved by Mr. Ashby-Sterry, and have a look at the club. The general style is Roman-Doric, with a Corinthian portico and pediment on the Pall Mall front. Inside the swinging doors we find another pair, but these are mostly open, so that we directly face a colossal marble bust of the Iron Duke; not, to my mind—and, alas! I remember him, and had two fingers from him once—a very faithful representation, though considered a fine work of art. To the right is the porter's lodge, and aloft, in the western wall, a dial showing old salts how sets the wind. To the left, under a clock, is a map of

London, with a reading-glass for those whose eyes are growing dim. Doors open right and left of the big bust, and either of these gives upon the great inner hall, furnished with morocco seats of the most comfortable sort. Often have I lounged on those seats, even in the pre-hospitable days, and fought battles over again with famous men who were in them, or chatted cheerily of comrades still to the fore, though seldom seen—so brotherly becomes the feeling between men who have faced the deadly field together and not shrunk from it. What a strange thing it is that just the very men whose names are the pride of the nation, and who have seen service in its most trying shapes, are just the men who never put on “side” to old acquaintances! Does a man of rank in either service put on what the Americans call “frills”—not in Mr. Ashby-Sterry's sense? Then you may be sure he has nothing to stand on but his rank.

Once in the inner hall, whom may you not see there that is famous in arms? All the princes of the blood belong to the “Senior,” and so do nine living sovereigns and some three-and-twenty princes of foreign States. The total number of regular members is six hundred, and this number includes—but let the great plate reproducing the foremost men in the grouping at the recent Duke of Cambridge's dinner supply the information to those familiar with the leading men of the Navy and the Army this day, save those who were on foreign service. I am not much of a courtier, but methinks there will be no great difficulty in “spotting” not only the members of the royal family, but the men who have won for this land in our times the laurels which a grateful country has handed back to them, to be worn with pride because they are the gift of Queen and country.

What are the great features of the club? you ask of your companion. According to his bent towards art or literature, he will tell you “The pictures,” or “The libraries,” for the “Senior” has great attractions in both respects. In its libraries it rivals its rival and crony, the Athenæum, over the road—of course each having its specialty: this towards the art of war; that, save in the domains of history and biography, to the arts of peace. In alternate autumns the Athenæum and the “Senior” accommodate each other during the annual process of cleaning, and plenty of members of the one are members of the other. For example, when Lord Wolseley is in town, he is more likely to be found at the Athenæum than at the “Senior.” Space will not allow any attempt to compare the libraries; let it suffice that, what with the general library and the Stewart Library, there is as much literature at the disposal of the members of the “Senior” as most of them have any use for. However rare books may be, there are generally copies to be found in a certain number of great libraries as well as great country houses. But a painting loses more than half its value when there is a replica of it.

The “Senior” is great in pictures. We should have to search elsewhere for many examples of those battle-pictures of historic fights done from half-romantic description in the old days—pictures in which, as the present accomplished French Military Attaché once said to me on a mimic field, there is a line of red and a line of red and a line of red, mostly parallel. Portraiture, in marble or on canvas, is the great feature of the United Service Club. In the Grand Hall are busts of William IV., Nelson (by Flaxman), Lord Seaton, Nelson's Hardy, and Balaclava Cardigan (by Marochetti). In the Morning Room are portraits of Lord Strathnairn, Viscount Exmouth, Sir John Moore, Charles



THE WRITING-ROOM, UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

Gordon, Lord Rodney, Lord Clyde, Lord Raglan, Viscount Combermere, and Sir John Burgoyne. Count no man worthy of being enshrined in this Walhalla until he be dead, and the longer he is dead the surer he is of honour here. Yet do we find no note of some great Generals we should look for. In the Coffee-Room we have Marlborough, Seaton (*bis*), Lynedoch, Anglesey, St. Vincent, Gough, Beresford (not Lord Charles, but the Viscount), Saltoun, Abercromby, each more or less authoritative, and resembling what the subject was at some period of his existence when he happened to have the humour to sit. In the Smoking-Room

there are to be seen "Tom" Troubridge, Napoleon, Admiral Earl Howe, Napier of Magdala, Lord Heathfield, Sir George Brown (of Light Division notoriety); and on the Grand Staircase there is the Duke of York, who did not cover his illustrious name with glory either on the gory field or in the administration of the Horse Guards, but who was yet one of the best friends the soldier ever had in our royal family; Collingwood, Nelson, Wellington, Lord Hill, and the Battles of Trafalgar (by Stanfield) and Waterloo (by Jones). In the Writing-Room we find Dutch William, who "delivered us from," &c. (this by Kneller); Oliver Cromwell (whose proper name was Williams, be it noted by this poor pen); Queen Mary, who had so little mercy on her father on account of her strange devotion to the Dutchman who was her consort; good old George III. and Queen Charlotte, William II. of the Netherlands, Leopold I. of Belgium, and the Kaiser Frederick III. of Germany. In the Library we find the Sovereigns of England from James I.—just the very Sovereigns who had nothing to do with fighting personally, for the most part; and there are other portraits in various minor rooms as much frequented as the larger rooms. But in them all I did not find a Clive or an Outram, a Havelock or a Wheeler, a Napier other than he of Magdala, a Crawford, a Picton, a Codrington, a Hastings, meaning a Rawdon—but time and space will not serve to tell what is not here. It may be funds have never run to these tableaux of famous soldiers and sailors, or it may be wall-room has given out; for, indeed, it would be no easy matter to find hanging area for more than we see. Still, there is to the mind of one whose thoughts run much on the military history even of the times within which the "Senior" has existed as many blanks as prizes in the display of the lineaments of the heroes of the century of our own making.

The "Senior," as becomes its dignity, will have none of those volatile youths of forty or so who are still captains.

HONOURS FOR LETTERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Turning over the leaves of my favourite paper, the *Academy*, I find "Notes on Art and Archæology." These notes deal, "Evans knows why," with the theme of "a legion of honour for literary men." "This," says the writer, this legion, namely, this enviable glory, "they will never get till, with some better spirit of *camaraderie*, they cease to make light of the importance of their own art." "Art be hanged!" is the natural comment of a literary character. Who wants "a legion of honour for literary men" and women? Does any man who calls himself a Briton—English, Scotch, or Welsh—want to swagger with a little bit of red ribbon in his off-buttonhole? I cannot believe it; it is un-English, unornamental, undesirable. We know how distinguished the English Ambassador looked, in a crowd of diplomatists, because he was *not* decorated. We are not decorated, we penmen, and I never yet, to my knowledge, met the penman who wanted to be decorated. I would liefer be tattooed: tattooing is old, prehistoric, rational (in the circumstances of savage life), but ribbons are not for us. "Let the donkey have his Thistle," said one of the Georges, about a foolish Scotch nobleman: the Georges had their lucid intervals. As men of letters, we are here, the humblest of us, to represent right reason. Now, decorations are not right reason—for us. These things are matters of tradition and of sentiment. Decorations, Garters, and coats of arms were given of old to those who served their country under shield. The Garter, had it existed in his time, would not have been given to

The Maid never adopted the bearings; she fought beneath her old flag; she kept "her maiden name," *La Pucelle*. That kind of thing, titles, honours, crests, coats of arms, did not interest her in the slightest degree, though won on the field. She had not "some better spirit of *camaraderie*." It is the same, in their lowly way, with "literary men," as a rule. Mr. John Smith is a novelist, a poet, a critic, what you will. He does his daily work, he takes his daily wage; the official people never hear of him. They do not ask him to "functions," which his honest soul abhors. They do not make him a knight (he is probably a poor horseman); and he is sincerely grateful. "*Di meliora!*" says he. Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Pope, Mr. Pepys, Hume, Darwin, Goldsmith, Chaucer, Spenser, were not knighted. It is not traditional, and he does not want to be knighted. Sir Louis Stevenson, Sir William Thackeray, Sir George Meredith, Lord Dickens of Gadshill, Viscount Kipling—we do not know them; it is not in our way. There are, of course, exceptions. I have an impression that Southey refused a baronetcy. Scott did not. First remarking—

"I like not

Such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath,"

and thereby discounting the orthodox joke, he took his honours as a gentleman of ancient name and of fifteen authentic quarterings. No doubt, with a little research, he could have found out all about the three other quarterings of the Rutherfords of Hunthill. This was all quite orthodox, but when we have no quarterings, or only remote ones, on the distaff side, when our ancestors were not men of the sword, what we can want then with chivalric titles



A. Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge.
B. Field-Marshal the Prince of Wales.
C. Admiral of the Fleet the Duke of Edinburgh.
D. General Prince Christian.
E. General the Duke of Connaught.
F. Captain the Duke of York.
G. Major-General the Duke of Teck.
H. Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg.
J. Admiral Prince Leiningen.

K. General the Prince of Saxe-Weimar.
1. General Sir D. M. Probyn.
2. General the Right Hon. Sir H. Ponsonby.
3. Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir C. Elliot.
4. Field-Marshal Sir F. Haines.
5. General Sir Daniel Lyons.
6. General Sir W. Olpherts.
7. Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam.

8. Lieutenant-General Brackenbury.
9. Major-General Sir Redvers Buller.
10. General Sir Evelyn Wood.
11. Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant.
12. Admiral Sir A. Milne.
13. Admiral Anson.
14. General Sir C. W. Staveley.
15. General Lord Wolseley.
16. Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir H. Keppel.

17. General Sir T. M. Adye.
18. General Sir Gerald Graham.
19. General Lord Mark Kerr.
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21. Admiral Sir C. H. M. Buckle.
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43. Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle.
44. General Sir P. Smith.
45. Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins.
46. Admiral Sir George Elliot.
47. Admiral Fullerton.
48. Admiral of the Fleet Sir G. Hornby.
49. General Sir R. Gipps.
50. General Sir Archibald Alison.

THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB: KEY TO LARGE ENGRAVING.

It stipulates—I think it has made one or two exceptions—for majors or commanders in either service. Once upon a time it was not much chance a man had under the rank of colonel or post-captain. But a period came when it found that some of the newer school of Generals were by preference frequenting the "Rag" or the "Junior" or the quite too utterly modern Naval and Military, instead of its own venerable salons. It still insists on combatant officers, save when others have risen to the position of heads of departments. Mere distinction, brains, proved capacity, has now a little, a very little, to do with elevation to the "Senior." It would, of course, never have done in the old days for young staff officers, however promising or demonstrated, to have a game of whist with those who can make or mar them, in the "Senior." If the great men want to see the youngsters—and they do—they can go elsewhere—and they do. In these latter days the officers of rank who want to hob-nob with young officers may have them to breakfast or luncheon, with the run of the Committee-Room, if unused, and the Smoking-Room; or to dinner, with the run of nearly all the house. Nay, innovation with a daring hand has gone further. Members may now take a friend into the Smoking-Room for "light refreshments," and "Members may show their friends over the club-house between noon and five p.m." The very ceilings will fall in with sheer astonishment if these innovations go much further. But the proverbial little bird tells me a curious thing—namely, that these modifications of laws and bye-laws resembling once those of the Medes and Persians are the result of the agitation not of the younger but of the older members. Perhaps the latter got tired of talking to one another; perhaps those of them who belong to the Athenæum get dignity enough on the other side of Waterloo Place. But I must not carry speculation further. Let it suffice that the "Senior" is now more flourishing than ever because made more attractive than ever. Long may it flourish! And when the time comes for the settlement with those grasping Treasury and Board of Works clerks, may they be found to deal gently with the old club, remembering what it has so long stood for among us.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Geoffrey Chaucer; it was out of his line, he would not have pined for it. I believe, with submission, that Shakspeare got his arms registered somehow. That was all very well: it meant that he had cut his business (of which he had not an exalted opinion), and had set up as a gentleman. Shakspeare had not "some better spirit of *camaraderie*"; he did not think highly of acting and playwriting; "he would be a gentleman." Nobody thought of knighting him: very much amazed would he have been at waking up as "Sir William." Our profession is not in that line, traditionally, and in matters of honour tradition is everything. We are not ambitious beyond the ambition of William Shakspeare. Dentists, mayors, provosts, doctors, a painter or two, are made knights or baronets; we are not, and do not wish to be. It is much more distinguished to do without the poor feeble remains and shadowy survivals of chivalry. In this very paper, the *Academy*, I read that the French Academy does not think M. Gaston Paris "distinguished enough" to be elected. M. Gaston Paris is, perhaps, the most "distinguished" man of letters at this moment living, and how his distinction shines, a diamond in the dark, because the French Academy is unaware of it, and elects a political person! Not to be known, not to be recognised by the clerks, or whoever they are that manage these matters, in England—how good it is! We do not expect to hear of Sir Algernon Swinburne (a knightly name); we expect to hear of Sir Thomas Green or Sir Jabez Gowles. Occasionally, one fancies, her Majesty desires that Mr. Tennyson should receive a title. No title can increase his fame or equal his merits. That is another kind of business. The noblest human being who ever drew breath, Joan of Arc, was "ennobled," her family was called Du Lys, and bore a crown, supported by a sword, between two lilies.

not won on the field is a mystery to me. The Maid, the most illustrious of captains, knew her place, and wanted no titles. She carried the principle far. If I had planted a flag on an enemy's redoubt, and if a grateful country then offered me a coat-of-arms, I think I would accept it; but the very reverse is the case with literary persons, pale drudges of the study and the bookshelves.

To be plain, men of letters know what titles and heraldic glories were, and what they meant. They did not mean pen-work. Also we know what they now mean and are. We cannot win them as they used to be won, in their prime, and as what now they are we do not covet them. We reckon it more distinguished to be without them. If this view shows want of *camaraderie*, we can only say that it was the view of Thackeray, who had studied human nature, and history. It is not want of *camaraderie*, it is not contempt for literary "art," that leads to this opinion. If old chivalrous honours are taken to kindly by painters, physicians, soap-boilers, solicitors, we do not mind. They probably do not know any better. It is the business of men of letters to know better, and they do. A certain pride, moreover, checks their desire to bear stylographs rampant or ink-pots passant. Johnson bore none, and what was good enough for him is good enough for his late descendants, as it was good enough for Thackeray. *Enfin*, it is not lack of *camaraderie*, it is not contempt of literature, that makes literary men unambitious of the titles and shields of successful medical persons and attorneys. It is knowledge of the past and present, and a modest pride which inspires their sentiments on these subjects. The *Academy* talks of "Mr. Burne-Jones's social advance." *Nom De!* As if a dukedom could "advance" the "social" position of a man of genius and a gentleman!

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

As widows, too, French women are generally invested with the acting supremacy of their families. "A French widow," writes Max O'Rell, "remains the head of her family; but an English widow becomes a dowager. She abdicates in favour of her eldest son; she has rarely been initiated into the affairs of her husband; and it seems quite natural to her that her son, a man, should take over the headship. It is needless to say that, with regard to our mothers, we appear highly ridiculous in the eyes of Englishmen. But so long as we continue to make our mothers our guides and confidants, we have no need to be jealous of the English habit." But all this is not only not ordered by, but in direct opposition to the Code Napoléon. So it happens that notwithstanding the celebrity of the capacity of French women in business, they have never been allowed a vote in the election of the judges of industry. For years past efforts have been made to amend this, and they have just almost succeeded; the Senate has adopted a measure giving women of business the right to vote for the arbitrators of their affairs, but not to themselves be elected to those posts. Why not?



ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

Quoted from the Journal of Bishop G. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE,
Bishop of Mashonaland, 1892:—

"I offered a man £1 for half a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation, but he strongly preferred the Embrocation to the £1, as one might be replaced, the other not."

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

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"To one of the Panamik coolies, who had sprained his knee, I gave some Elliman's Embrocation in one of our tin tea-cups, and thought I had made him understand he was to rub it on, but to my horror, and before I could stop him, he swallowed the lotion, and in a very short space of time was sprawling on his stomach, choking and spluttering; but as soon as he recovered his breath, he got up and salaamed, saying it was very good. So, as he seemed quite pleased and none the worse, I did not enlighten him as to his mistake."—Page 13.

Quoted from THE PANAMIK, by the EARL of DUNMORE, F.R.G.S.

ELLIMAN'S and the PANAMIK.

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ART NOTES.

Mr. Harry Furniss—who is best known to the world as the illustrator of the lively "Essence of Parliament," which appears weekly in the pages of our contemporary *Punch*—passes for a second time more than usually well through the ordeal of a "one-man" exhibition. To show nearly three hundred drawings in black and white without exhausting the patience of the spectator is a feat which few draughtsmen would willingly attempt. The danger is all the greater when the humorous or comic element has to be kept up throughout. The exhibition now on view of "Lika Joka's" work at the Fine Art Gallery, in New Bond Street, promptly disposes of any misgivings one might have entertained in anticipation. Mr. Furniss has thrown a good many stones at other denizens of glass houses, but his sketches show what the reduced reproductions could only suggest—that his work was throughout careful, imaginative, and well sustained. He is distinctly an artist with an eye for line as well as for the caricature side of his subject. He is never coarse, never pedantic; and every now and again there is a brilliant rapier-like stroke of his pen which lays bare the "inwardness" of many of our politicians and social reformers. It would be a mistake to suppose that all Mr. Furniss's art is on the surface, or that he has an eye only for the grotesque side of life. He has a real sense of beauty, a masterful technique, and is possessed of a wider range of sympathy than could be guessed until this second attractive assemblage of his works revealed him more fully to the public.

For pictures in oils by the older masters one should turn to Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, where a collection almost as interesting, and certainly more surprising, than that of last year has been brought together. More especially this exhibition deserves to be known as the rehabilitation of Francis Wheatley, R.A., and a vindication of the Royal Academy for electing him. Hitherto Wheatley has been chiefly known as mildly following George Morland as a moralist and figure-painter; but we now see that he had very excellent qualities, not only in these characters but also as a landscape-painter. Living in the latter half of the last century, it was not surprising that he should have imbibed some of the French methods of Watteau and Lancret, who may be regarded as the authors and finishers of the "blue" landscapes. It was Bonington, of whom there are three excellent specimens—two being landscapes—who was to recall French artists to the study of nature and atmosphere. Barker, Ibbotson, Singleton, Wilcock, and Witherington are to the most of us little more than names, and names held but lightly; but this collection will do much to show how thoroughly they deserved the approbation of their contemporaries. It is interesting, too, to find that the Rev. M. W. Peters, R.A., the one clergyman-Academician, earned his title by such good work as the scene from "Much Ado About Nothing," painted for Boydell's Shakspeare. In this, as in the majority of the other painters of the day, the flatness of the figures is a distinguishing feature, suggesting how thoroughly painting from the life, except for portrait-painters, had fallen into

disuse. It was Morland's healthy country sense and love of dogs and horses which brought back our artists to wiser ways; and the Phillips (Stoke D'Abernon) collection of this painter's works, which has been lent to this exhibition, makes it a most interesting record of English art, from Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller down to G. B. Wilcock and Thomas Webster.

The annual exhibition of selected water colours at Messrs. Agnew's Old Bond Street Galleries has, at all events, the merit of being frankly a "dealer's" show. All the pictures are for sale—and some of them at very high prices—testifying to a merit which has stood the test of many decades. These exhibitions are, however, interesting to students and amateurs, as well as to purchasers; for, as a rule—and this year is no exception—they enable one to compare the newly risen lights in the art world with the fixed stars who to some extent have ruled its laws and destinies. Turner, Copley Fielding, De Wint, David Cox, and Prout may be taken as a few of those who have formed that standard of English water-colour drawing which some iconoclasts are striving, although hitherto ineffectually, to overthrow. Thomas Collier, Clarkson Stanfield, and others may be said to occupy a sort of transition place between the ancients and the moderns, represented in Messrs. Agnew's gallery by Messrs. Wimperis, Birket Foster, Wilfrid Ball, H. G. Hine, and Weatherbee. Mr. Wilfrid Ball has for long been especially cherished by Messrs. Agnew, and this year he contributes a number of Egyptian studies and sketches which testify to the dealers' discernment when they first gave the artist a prominent place in their gallery.

The members of the Royal Water-Colour Society Art Club are becoming less sensitive of the public gaze, and now allow their works to remain on view for an entire week. Amateurs are necessarily predominant in all associations of this sort, but it is not difficult to see that the qualifications for admission into this club are by no means fictitious, and that some proof of capacity is required. Mr. Philip Norman's studies of old buildings at home and abroad and Mr. R. P. Spiers' minute renderings of more strictly architectural buildings (including, by the way, the Great Mosque at Damascus, recently destroyed by fire) are among the works rather of professional than of amateur artists. But Miss Scott's still-life studies, Mr. J. L. Roget's carefully finished sketches of Sark and the Cornish coast, Mrs. E. M. Nicholls's fine-atmospheric treatment of well-known spots on the north-east coast, Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray's clever sketches of Indian wayside-life, and Mrs. Maxwell Lyte's Somersetshire and Swiss reminiscences all testify to the very high standard of painting maintained by this well-known and long established club, in which amateurs and professionals meet on absolutely equal grounds, and can profit mutually by each other's criticism and example.

The Bishop of Peterborough's Hulsean Lectures have given great satisfaction at Cambridge. Bishop Creighton is to be followed by Bishop Barry. These are undoubtedly excellent appointments.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Gladstone has conferred a grant of £150 on the Rev. Wentworth Webster for his work on the Basque language, habits, and customs. This is a very well-merited gift. Mr. Webster has long been chaplain at St. Jean de Luz, and has made many excellent contributions to the *Academy* and other journals.

It is proposed to raise a memorial to the late Rev. F. O. Morris, of Nunburnholme, the well-known naturalist. It is stated in the appeal that, "though Mr. Morris's works have sold so largely, it cannot be said that he was enriched thereby." The church at Nunburnholme is said to need restoration.

Great sorrow is expressed in Canterbury at the death of Mrs. Payne Smith, wife of the Dean. She was remarkable for her philanthropy and for her earnest interest in religious work. Of her it is said in a local journal, "Subtle influences of kindness for twenty-three years have flowed unceasingly from the deanery through the streets and lanes of the city."

The missionary bishopric of North Japan has been offered to the Rev. H. T. E. Barlow, Curate-in-charge of Workington. Mr. Barlow is the son of the well-known Vicar of Islington.

The Bishop of Winchester has gone to the Riviera, accompanied by his daughter.

It is stated that Canon McCormick, Vicar of Trinity Church, Hull, and a leading Evangelical, is to succeed Probendary Gordon Calthrop at St. Augustine's, Highbury.

Canon Lord Forester, Chancellor of York Cathedral, a well-known figure in the city, is to retire. The canonry is in the gift of the Crown.

The popular Vicar of Eastbourne, the Rev. H. Bickersteth Otley, M.A., has published a new volume, entitled "Christ and Modern Life."

"Peter Lombard" tells the following amusing and, I am afraid, typical story—

Scene—A Sunday-school in Somersetshire.

TEACHER (to best girl in the head class, to whom was accorded the privilege of choosing the hymn to be sung before closing the school): "What hymn would you like, B.?"

SCHOLAR: "Please, Sir, the hymn about the little bear."

TEACHER: "The little bear? What do you mean?"

SCHOLAR: "Please, Sir, the hymn that says—

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?"

Was Dean Butler of Lincoln hard? A lady who worked under him at Wantage said he was feared, but not loved, and declared that drunkenness was rampant in Wantage through his refusal to establish a branch of the Temperance Society in his parish. These statements are indignantly denied. It is admitted that he was sharp to unreality and false sentiment, and that he thought no pledge more than a fallacious restraint to those who regard not their baptismal vow. But no man ever laboured more strenuously against sin of all kinds; and one who knew him very intimately said, just after his death, "He was the tenderest heart that ever I came across."

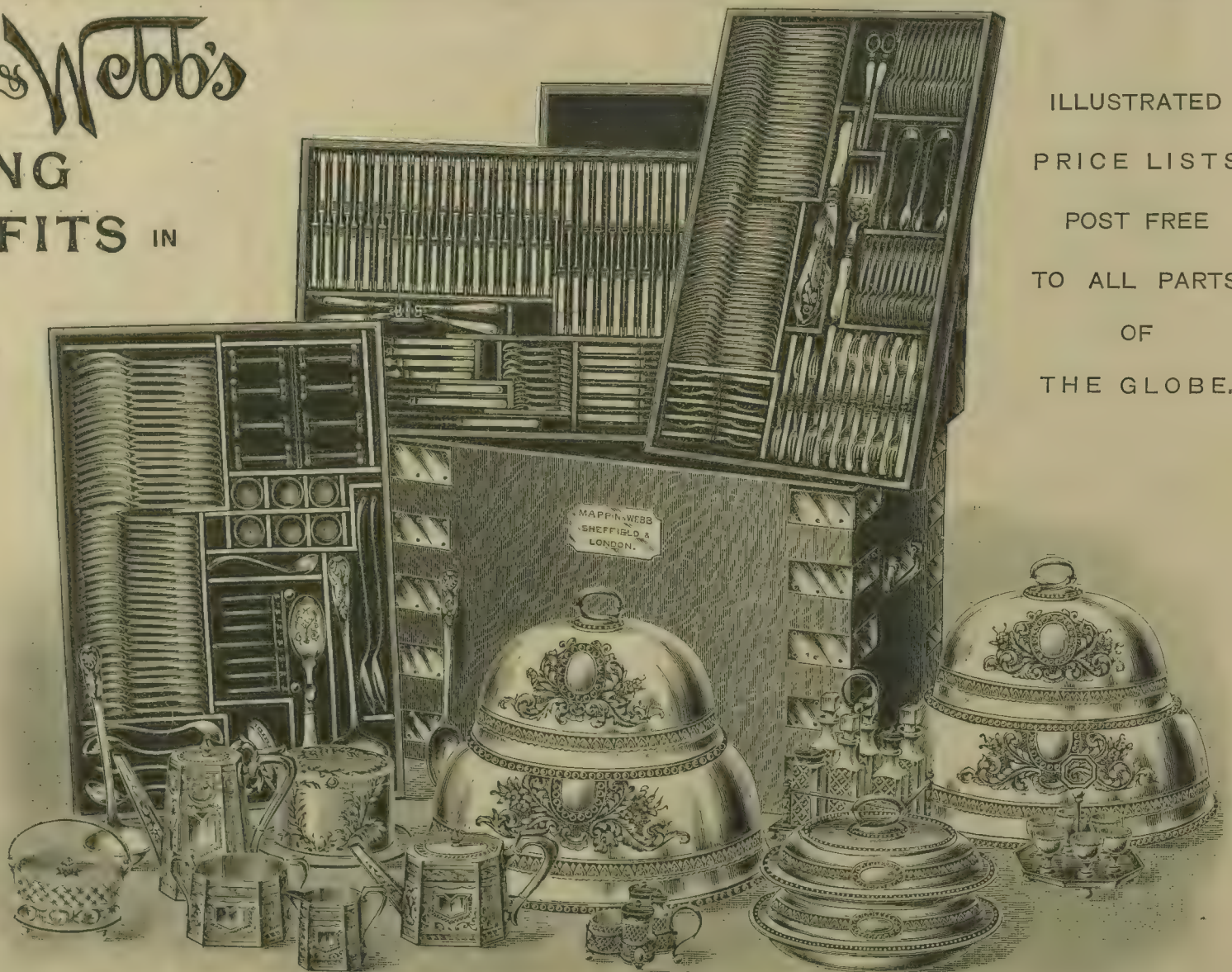
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MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, which had been discontinued since the middle of December, were resumed on Feb. 17, there being a fairly good attendance. Mr. August Manns received a cordial greeting on his return from Scotland, where he has as usual filled in the recess by conducting the concerts of the Glasgow and Edinburgh Choral Unions. The principal item of interest in the scheme was a symphonic fantasy, entitled "The Chase after Fortune," by Mr. R. Burmeister, a composer of some repute, who now occupies the post of musical director at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, where this work was first brought out in 1891. The main idea of the "fantasy" is based upon a picture by Henneberg representing allegorically the struggle after success in modern life, but the subject has been elaborated by the addition of a first part illustrating "The Happy Time of Youth" and "A Love Scene" (the latter a very charming movement), which form a kind of prologue to the episodes depicting the pursuit of wealth and fame, suggested by the picture. The music is in no sense great, but it is interesting and clever, while portions of it reveal graphic power and command of orchestral colour. Lady Hallé appeared at the same concert, and gave a highly artistic rendering of the Beethoven concerto, introducing her own cadenzas; and she also brought forward, for the first time at Sydenham, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Highland Ballad," playing it in this instance with orchestral accompaniment. Miss Evangeline Florence was the vocalist. She was more successful in the waltz from "Mireille" than in Schubert's beautiful song, "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen."

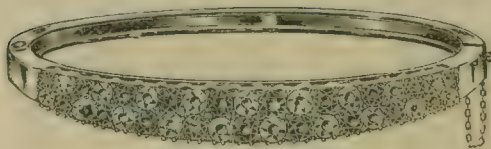
Among the chamber works of Antonin Dvorák there is none more profound and earnest in conception or more masterly in treatment and execution than the pianoforte trio in F minor Op. 65. It may not appeal to every ear, but at the Popular Concerts the depth of the Bohemian composer's purpose and the characteristic beauty of his music are alike sure of appreciation, and for this reason we are surprised that, until the Saturday concert of Feb. 17, the trio had been "shelved" ever since its first introduction here nine years ago. The second movement in particular, with its strange broken rhythms and "false accents," so full of wild Slavonic sentiment and colour, is nothing less than a gem. This fine work was revived by Miss Fanny Davies, Dr. Joachim, and Signor Piatti, whose rendering of it was in all respects ideal. On the following Monday Mdlle. Eibenschütz brought forward three charming movements from a pianoforte suite by Moszkowski (Op. 50)—namely, an allegro moderato, an air, and a capriccio, all reflecting in modern garb the scholarly form and dainty grace of Scarlatti. For some unexplained reason the final section, a presto alla giga, was omitted, but Mdlle. Eibenschütz might really have played it as well as the bit of genuine Scarlatti which she added for an encore. The suite is a delightful composition, and the young pianist (who plays it to perfection) ought to repeat it soon in its entirety. Later in the same programme came a couple of musicianly and effective violin pieces, "Abendglocken" and "Ballade," from the pen of Dr. Joachim, who now played them at the



PRESENTED TO MR. ISAAC GODWIN.

"Pops" for the first time—with what elegance of style and depth of expression need not be said. Miss Gwladys Wood was the vocalist.

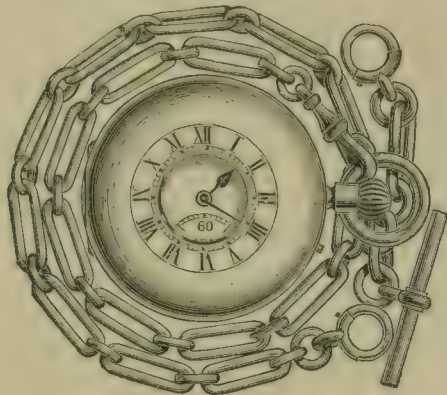
Musical activity at the Imperial Institute continues on the increase. The newly formed orchestral and choral society has already given its first concert, and a second is announced to take place on March 21. The choir, however, has not yet made its appearance in public. The concert of Feb. 14 was purely instrumental, and the ladies and gentlemen who did duty on that occasion were drawn chiefly from other leading amateur orchestral bodies. As yet, therefore, we are hardly in a position to estimate the true quality or extent of the materials that Mr. Randegger is collecting for the commendable purpose of "making music" inside the walls of the big establishment at South Kensington. All that can be said is that the selection (happily of a lighter "classical" order than that previously furnished to the Royal College) did considerable credit to Mr. Randegger and his protégés, while a capital performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Miss Beatrice Langley was one of the most acceptable features of the evening. A week later an orchestral concert was given by the strings of the Royal Academy, under the direction of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.



PRESENTED TO MRS. ISAAC GODWIN.

PRESENTATION TO MR. AND MRS. ISAAC GODWIN.

On Friday, Feb. 16, a presentation was made to Mr. Isaac Godwin, manager of "Blanchard's," Beak Street, on the occasion of his retirement. The testimonial consisted of a solid silver



Queen Anne tea and coffee set, with tray, in oak case, together with a half-hunter gold watch, with gold fether chain. Mrs. Godwin was presented with a fine diamond and sapphire half-hoop bracelet. The salver is engraved as follows: "Presented by the employés and patrons of 'Blanchard's' to Mr. I. Godwin on his retirement from the management, after twenty-three years' faithful service, as a souvenir of the esteem and regard in which he is held, both by the staff and customers generally, and for the able and courteous manner in which he has discharged his duties on all occasions. Feb. 16, 1894." All the articles presented were manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street.

A terrible disaster took place on Feb. 16 on board of a German first-class battle-ship, the Brandenburg, in the Bay of Kiel, in the Baltic. The ship, a twin-screw armour-belted cruiser of 9840 tons displacement, launched at Wilhelmshaven in 1891, with engines of 9500-horse power, was making her trials of speed when several of the steam-pipes burst. Thirty-nine men in the engine-room, many of them artificers from the dockyard, were killed; only one, who was going up the ladder, escaped alive.

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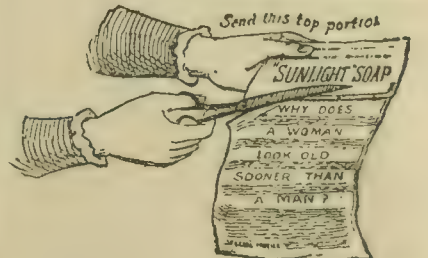
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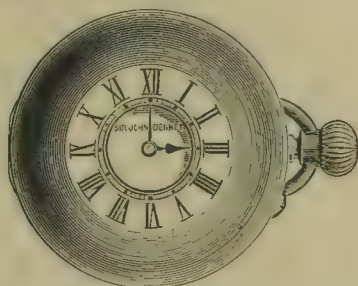
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1892) of the Earl of Beective has been proved by Lord Arthur William Hill and James Richard Upton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £594,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his wife, and confirms to her any personal presents and the gift of the jewels made by him to her at the time of their marriage; all his own plate, jewels, works of art, and household effects (subject to the right of Lady Beective to select any of such articles for her personal use) to be settled as heirlooms to go and be enjoyed with the Underley estate; £2000 each to his executors; and £2000 to his godson, the son of Robert Thompson, of Penrith. He makes up Lady Beective's income, with the annual sums settled on her on their marriage, to £5000 per annum. The residue of his personal estate, including the trust moneys under the will of his grandfather, William Thompson, is to be laid out in the purchase of real estate, and he devises same and all his present real estate to his daughter, Lady Henry Bentinck, for life, and then to her male and female issue in strict settlement. The testator directs the charges of about £30,000 and £200,000 on the Underley estates settled on his daughter's marriage, and the Headfort estates in Ireland, of which the Marquis of Headfort is tenant for life, to be paid out of his personal estate, and the said estates released from the said charges.

The will (dated May 9, 1893), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30 following), of Mr. Howard Nalder, of Shrublands, Croydon, and Cecil House, 126, King's Road, Brighton, who died on Nov. 14, was proved on Feb. 12 by Fielding Herbert Nalder, the son, and John Alexander, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £303,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Croydon General Hospital; £4000 each to his sons, Fielding Herbert and Francis, and his daughters, Mary Beatrice and Louisa Gertrude; £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Julia Margaret; and legacies to brother, executors, and others. There are also specific bequests of furniture and effects to his children. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he directs the same to be divided into one hundred equal parts and leaves twenty-nine of such parts each to his said sons, and the remaining forty-two parts between his said three daughters.

The will (dated June 5, 1893), with a codicil (dated the following day), of Mr. George Stone, of the Thatched House Chambers, St. James's, Westminster, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Feb. 6 by John George Brand Stone, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £140,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his nephews and niece, Huntingdon Stone, Ralph Erskine Stone, and Julia Flockton Stone; and £100 each to John Shires Comben, the superintendent of the Conservative Club, St. James's; Richard Berry, the butler of the said club; and Richard Pearson, the liftman at the Thatched House Chambers. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two-sevenths to his said nephew, John George Brand Stone; and one-seventh each

upon trust for his five nieces, being the four daughters of his late brother John, and the daughter of his late sister, Mary Jones.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Charles George de Beauvoir Tupper, of 10, Hyde Park Square, Lieutenant R.N., who died on Nov. 3 at the Island of Governador, in Rio de Janeiro harbour, intestate and without having been married, were granted on Feb. 5 to Mrs. Elizabeth Tupper, the mother, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £76,000.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1880), with two codicils (dated March 26, 1886, and Sept. 29, 1891), of General Sir Charles Pyndar Beauchamp Walker, K.C.B., of 97, Onslow Square, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on Feb. 13 by Major William Charles Hill, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, William Trevor Lendrum, Arthur Thomas Wansley, and Dame Georgina Walker, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator devises the Redland estate, Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, to his wife, for life, and then to his grandson, Charles James Reginald Walker. A paper-weight given to him by the then German Crown-Prince, an autograph letter to him from the then German Emperor, and certain swords, plate, and pictures, are made heirlooms to go with the said estate, the remainder of his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, he bequeaths to his wife. His residence in Onslow Square, with the stables, he gives to his wife for life, and then to his said grandson. There are also a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, she paying £800 per annum to his daughter-in-law, Rosabelle Frances Walker, and £600 per annum to his daughter, Elizabeth Alice Von Alvensleben. On the death of his wife, £20,000 is to be held upon trust for his said daughter; and the income of the remainder paid to his said daughter-in-law while she remains unmarried, she supporting the two younger children of his late son; subject thereto he gives £10,000 each to the two younger children of his late son, and the ultimate residue to his grandson, Charles James Reginald Walker.

The will (dated June 25, 1886), with two codicils (dated Dec. 12, 1889, and July 10, 1891), of the Rev. Thomas James Rowsell, of Dean's Yard, Westminster, Canon of Westminster, who died on Jan. 23 at Newlands House, Tooting Bec Road, was proved on Feb. 8 by the Rev. Thomas Norman Rowsell and the Rev. Herbert Rowsell, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects to be divided between his five children; £2000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Edith Blaker, and £210 to her, in addition to the gifts to her and her husband in his lifetime; and some other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons, Thomas Norman Rowsell and Herbert Rowsell, and his daughters, Mrs. Marian Norman Cunningham and Mrs. Bertha Brakspear, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1864) of Mrs. Sophie Louisa

Dunn, of 36, St. George's Road, Eccleston Square, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 2 by Dame Louisa Green, the daughter, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix gives, devises, and bequeaths all and every the estate and property she may die possessed of, real and personal, to her said daughter for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated July 23, 1885) of the Hon. Emily Ann Melicent Yorke, widow of the Hon. Eliot Thomas Yorke, of 15, Park Street, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Jan. 19 by Captain the Hon. John Manners Yorke, R.N., and Francis Augustus Delmé Radcliffe, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. There are legacies to her executors and her maid, and specific bequests to several members of her family. The residue of her estate whatsoever she leaves equally between her niece, Mrs. Alice Hurt, and her nephew the Rev. Henry Eliot Delmé Radcliffe.

The will of Colonel Edward Cave, formerly of the Madras Staff Corps, who died on Nov. 13, at 12, Beaumont Street, Weymouth Street, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Rev. George Augustus Knight Simpson, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6721.

The will and codicil of the Right Hon. Mary Dowager Viscountess Sidmouth, of 1, Bennett Street, Bath, who died on Jan. 17, were proved on Feb. 10 by Viscount Sidmouth, the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2511.

A small consignment of most extraordinary tea from the Mount Vernon Estate, Ceylon, was sold on Feb. 13, by public auction, at the Commercial Sale-Rooms, Mincing Lane, at £8 10s. per pound. The tea was pronounced to be absolutely the finest ever grown. The purchasers were the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited.

A novel question of artistic copyright was raised in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice through a motion, at the suit of Mr. Hanfstaengl, the well-known art-publisher at Munich, to restrain the Empire Palace Company in London from exhibiting certain *tableaux vivants*. In these performances on the stage, groups of living persons in costume represented figure-pictures of which Mr. Hanfstaengl was the owner, and of which he had sold photographs. The defence was that, under the Copyright Act of 1862, the forbidden "reproduction" of a painting must be in a permanent form, and of inanimate material. Mr. Justice Stirling, on Feb. 16, decided the reproduction must be of a painting character, or engraving, etching, or some copying process to imitate a picture. It had been held by Lord Justice James that to reproduce in Berlin wool or in waxwork the design of a picture was not piracy, nor would it be forbidden by the Act for a sculptor to imitate a figure in marble. Judgment was therefore given for the defendants, upon their undertaking to remove the painted scenery background copied from the plaintiff's picture.

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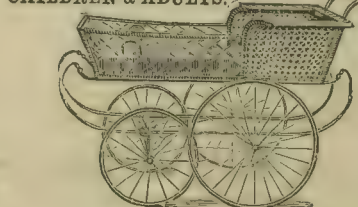
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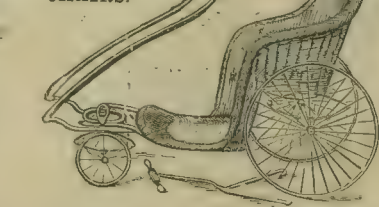
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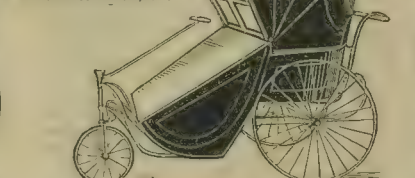
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"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" has just made its appearance, although the prolonged Session of 1893 is not yet completed. It is difficult to find any error in this admirably edited book, which has an honourable record for clearness of compilation as well as completeness. Its pages on technical Parliamentary expressions are so useful that perhaps it is only courteous to point out that the Speaker's Gallery no longer exists, having been merged in the Strangers' Gallery some time ago, the space being rechristened "Members' Gallery."

DEATH.

On Feb. 18, at the Manor House, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, Francis White Popham, aged 64. Deeply loved and deeply mourned.

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On Feb. 26 (Sixpence), New Series, No. 129. **THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE** for March, containing MATTHEW AUSTIN, by W. E. NORRIS, Chaps. 9 to 12.—THE ROMAN INDEX.—FAMOUS FIRST EDITIONS.—MAJOR KINFERN'S MARRIAGE.—DEFENCE NOT DEFENCE.—CHARACTER NOTE.—THE MOTHER.—AN ELIZABETHAN ZOOLOGIST.—WITH EDGED TOOLS. Chaps. 32 to 35. London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

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Mr. Henry Sell has at last been rewarded for his pertinacity in the direction of obtaining, as far as possible, a complete list of registered telegraphic addresses. The Postmaster-General wisely conceded to Mr. Sell the information for which he had asked in vain for eight years. The volume will be absolutely indispensable to commercial men in all parts of the United Kingdom, and it is not surprising to learn that the services of three hundred people in collating and checking were rendered necessary to produce it. Congratulations, as well as thanks, are due to the enterprising editor.

Increased in size as well as in utility, "Jeppson's Mercantile Directory and Manufacturers' Guide" (17, Coleman Street, E.C.) has once more made its appearance. A sensible addition has been the information given at the commencement of each section of the book, and the maps will be welcomed by all those who have occasion to consult its legibly printed pages.

From "The Newspaper Press Directory" for 1894 we ascertain that there are now published in the United Kingdom 2291 newspapers, of which number 1332 are provincial. There are 152 daily papers published in England, 7 in Wales, 21 in Scotland, and 17 in Ireland. On reference to the first edition of this useful directory for

the year 1846 we find the following interesting facts—namely, that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 551 journals; of these 14 were issued daily—namely, 12 in England and 2 in Ireland; but in 1894 there are now established and circulated 2291 papers, of which no less than 199 are issued daily, showing that the Press of the country has more than quadrupled during the last forty-eight years. The increase in daily papers has been still more remarkable; the daily issues standing 199 against 14 in 1846. There are now published in the United Kingdom 2061 magazines, of which more than 471 are of a decidedly religious character. Comparing 1894 with 1860 (the first year that any complete list of magazines was published) we find that in that year there were only 405 of such publications in existence, 162 of which were religious magazines, so that the growth is very noticeable in this department of literature. Even Theosophy has no less than five publications devoted to its advocacy.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that on and from Monday, March 19 next, the day special express service by the Newhaven and Dieppe route from London to Paris and the Continent, leaving London for Paris, and Paris for London, every weekday and Sunday-morning, will be accelerated.

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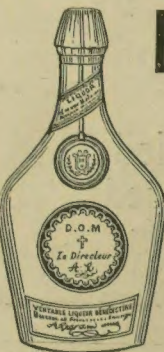
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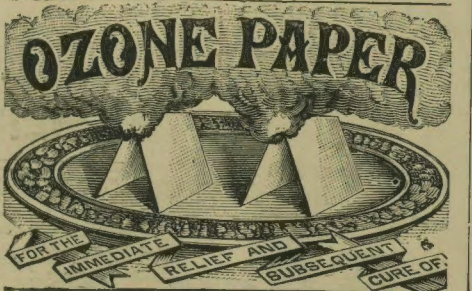
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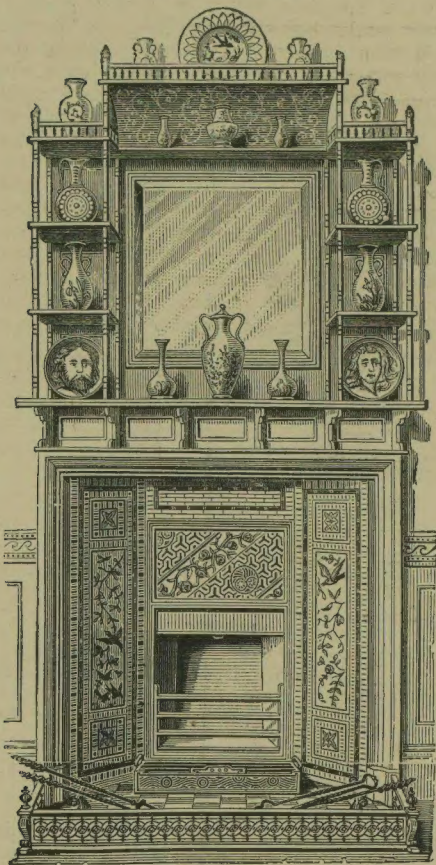
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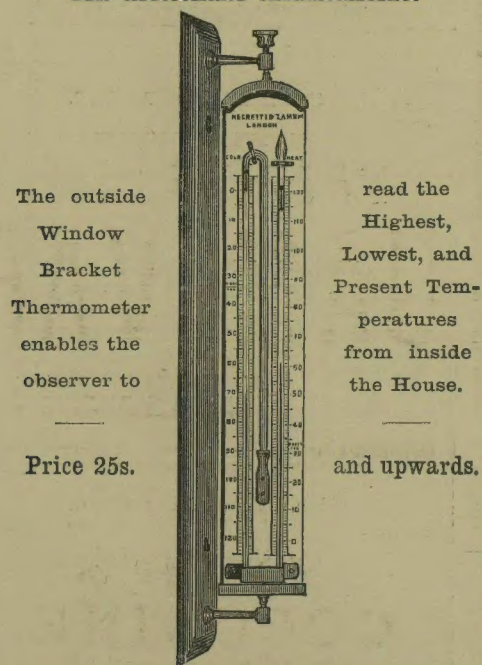
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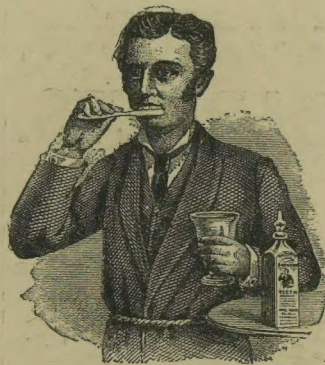
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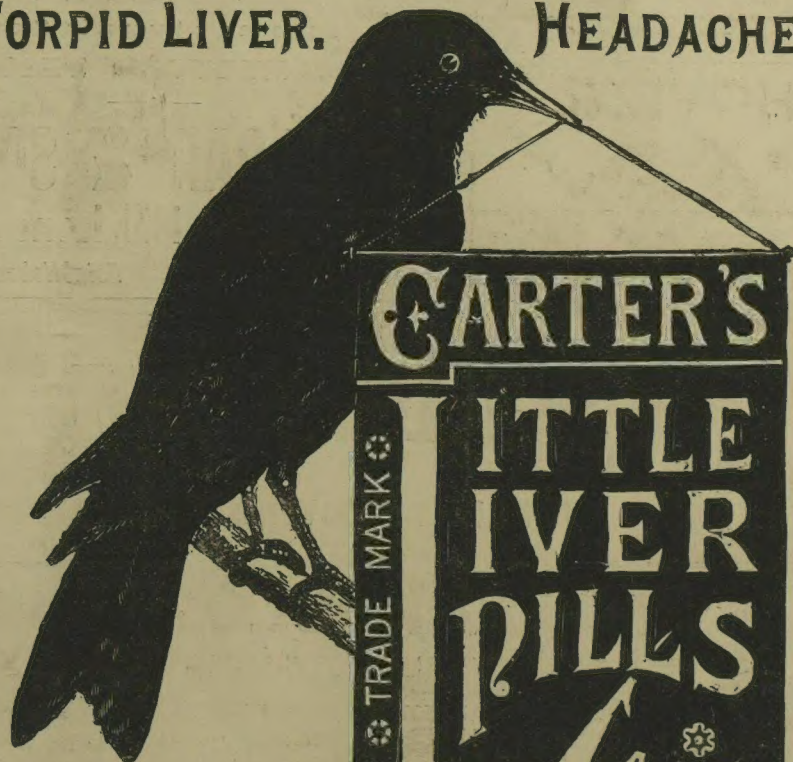
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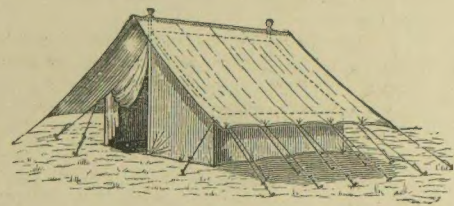
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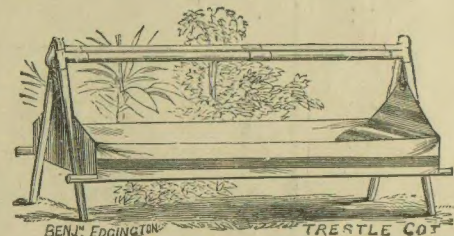
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